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SIXPENCE.

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THE ROYAL SPANISH SUITOR: KING ALFONSO AND PRINCESS ENA VISITING THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRIBB

On April 21, King Alfonso, with Princess Ena and Princess Henry of Battenberg, visited the Club-house of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes. The King's visit is nominally private, but that has not saved him from the enthusiastic interest and welcome of the people of the Isle of Wight.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I AM informed on fairly good authority that the day upon which I write these words is St. George's Day. It is very characteristic of our country that we make far more fuss about St. Patrick's Day than we do about St. George's. It is a part of that curious elephantine modesty of the English in some matters: a modesty so heavy and helpless that foreigners mistake it for pride. It is true that within recent years there have been some signs in us of mere boasting. But even they are mainly glorifications of things that are not strictly ourselves: things that, as a general rule, we know nothing about—such as Australia. Even when the English do brag they seem to brag of anything except England. Something prevents us from becoming poetical and dithyrambic about ourselves. Some people will tell you that this is because we are so stern and practical; but that is all talk, and un-English talk at that. As a matter of fact, we are not nearly so practical as we were when we were much more dithyrambic. When an Englishman tells you with great *empressement* that the English people are cold, stern, and Imperial, you may commonly bet your last pair of boots that that Englishman is a German. I do not know why it is, but the English really have got a certain kind of embarrassment and dislike of show; but whatever it is, it certainly is not because they are not sufficiently romantic; their magnificent romantic literature can answer for that; for they are (I think) the only nation in the world whose absolutely first-class literature is rather romantic than classical. Sometimes I think that the Englishman is undemonstrative because he is much too romantic to be demonstrative. Like all sentimentalists, he is secretive. He does not tell you his feelings because they are too romantic to tell. Think of this charitable explanation when talking to a severe City man with whiskers and a white waistcoat. Remember that if he is reticent it is only because if he spoke he might burst into tears in the middle of Cheapside.

But the neglect of St. George is an example of that lack of animated ritual which Irishmen or Italians in judging us mistake for a vital lack of romance. It may be urged by some that the neglect of St. George (as compared, for instance, with St. Patrick) may be easily explained by the fact that the historical St. Patrick was a great man whose life is largely known and whose work can be definitely admired; whereas the historical St. George is chiefly remarkable for having no history. We know nothing, I think, about his life; and only one thing about his death, that he was martyred for the faith. For I suppose that everyone has realised that Gibbon, in identifying the saint with the fraudulent financier who was an Arian and bore the same name, was merely letting his anti-Christian enthusiasm run away with him, and wallowing in the charming thought of a saint who rigged the market. To suppose that that amiable financier could ever have become the patron saint of England is to misunderstand the whole atmosphere not merely of the morals, but of the theology and hagiology of the early Church. By some mistake they might have made a patron saint out of a swindler; but certainly not out of an Arian swindler. I take it, then, that the historic St. George, if there was one at all (to which I am supremely indifferent), was the Christian of whom we know nothing but his death, I once knew a schoolmaster of mine, when the name of Nicias (all the devils in hell shall not make me say Nikias) turned up in the text, pause a moment, and then go on pensively, "This, of course, was the famous Nicias who afterwards died." It would be impossible to distinguish him more clearly from all other claimants to the name.

But those who suggest that the remote and impersonal quality in the historic St. George accounts for the English indifference to him know little, I think, of patron saints or of the essential nature of saint-worship. Saint-worship is not the same as hero-worship; it is a much less dangerous thing than hero-worship. For hero-worship generally means the absorption or transmutation of some part, at any rate, of one's own original ideas of goodness under the heat and hypnotism of some strong personality. But saint-worship, especially when it is a worship of saints whom we know little or nothing about, is simply the worship of that tradition of goodness in which the saint's name has been embalmed; and into that empty mould our own natural idealism can much more easily be poured. The invocation of saints, whether it be wise or no, is much less idolatrous than the invocation of historical heroes after the manner of Carlyle. For you can only admire the goodness of the saint, whereas you may come to admire the badness of the hero. You may get all kinds of dangerous bias and sophistry and bad advice from the man in history whom you know something about. You can get nothing but good advice from the man you know nothing about. Thus, to take the historical St. George; if all we know about him is that he was killed for his opinions, that fact is, properly considered, so staggering that it might send us all

singing into battle. Or take rather the legendary St. George, who is (I need hardly say) very much more important than the real one. As it is, St. George the dragon-slayer stands to us simply and sufficiently as the symbol of courage. He does not stand in our minds connected with any of those silly epigrams which great men in their old age utter to misguided youth. St. George never told anybody what was his "method" or what was "the secret of his power." He made no remarks; he merely killed the dragon. He did not say that the dragon was killed on Eton playing-fields. He did not say that the dragon was killed on the anniversary of Majuba. He did not say that he had never met a dragon with whom he couldn't do a deal. He never called the death of the dragon inevitable: while he was fighting the dragon he had thoroughly discovered that it was not. He never said that the way to kill a dragon was to work hard in early youth, or to start with twopence a day, or to avoid tobacco, or to know your own mind, or any of those inane tips. For St. George knew very well what all real soldiers know; that the only way to be even approximately likely to kill a dragon is to give the dragon a heavy chance of killing you. And this method, which is the only one, is much too unpleasant to be talked about. You see, I am making a character of St. George at my own will and fancy. That is the whole point and advantage of the unknown saint. That is why saint-worship is so much more free than hero-worship.

I think myself that something might be done by the English nation with the legend of St. George and the Dragon. It has still a lingering hold on the people in some counties, where the mummers at Christmas or Easter still perform a rude drama in which the English champion overcomes the evil principle in single combat. In almost all these little ritual plays, so far as I have noticed, the same singular and picturesque episode occurs. I mean that when the arch-enemy (sometimes the Dragon, sometimes a Turkish Knight, sometimes some other alien figure) is thrown to the ground by St. George, he always calls out for a doctor. A doctor is always provided by the Christian conqueror, and the fight recommences. This episode might be made to mean a great deal if any English poet philosophised the legend of St. George as Goethe philosophised the legend of Faust. For it is true that the chivalrous and Christian character (which St. George typifies) fights under that disadvantage of the doctor. He has to contend at once against the mercilessness of his enemy and the mercifulness of himself. But again the legendary drama is right when it makes St. George conquer. When modern cynics (utterly ignorant of courage, and therefore naturally ignorant of war) say that we must be more brutal if we are to be efficient, they forget that the most brutal civilisations are the least efficient. Oriental nations that torture their captives are themselves captive. Savages that eat men do not seem to thrive on it. Our European civilisation has faults enough, but it is on the whole the most merciful, and it is on the whole the most strong. For the mind that can imagine sufferings is the same that can imagine a new gun.

My attention has been called to a highly spirited remonstrance written by a lady in the *Yorkshire Weekly Post*, and directed against some remarks in this column on the subject of Women and Worrying. The writer sums up what she considers to be the logical consequences of my argument in a sort of syllogism: I do not know whether she meant the syllogism to be logical or to satirise my own degraded lack of logic; but certainly the syllogism is as illogical as the heart could desire. "Just see," she says, "what the argument leads to. Interest in anything is pleasant and delightful. Without worry there is no interest; therefore worry is pleasant and delightful." I must disclaim this mode of argument, however it is intended. I could construct many arguments upon the same simple plan. "Doctors are gentlemanly and considerate. Without diseases there are no doctors. Therefore, diseases are gentlemanly and considerate." "Horse-dealers wear spotted neckties and tell lies. Without horses there are no horse-dealers. Therefore, horses wear spotted neckties and tell lies." I do not think that my argument led to any such extravagant result as the lady supposes. I did not say that worry was a nice thing because women worried. All I did was to deny the inference that kitchens were of necessity nasty things because women worried about them.

The lady also slightly misunderstands my meaning touching modern culture. She says, "Mr. Chesterton declares against Higher Culture for women." No, Madam, not for women, but for all human beings. The Higher Culture to which I was referring is a quite fleeting and fundamentally caddish sort of culture, filling up the gap which everyone has felt since we gave up real religion and real politics; since we gave up thinking about God and fighting about man. The horrible word "High" (which logically means nothing, but morally means priggishness) would be quite enough to prove this. I do not say that I should think a woman better employed managing a kitchen than talking real philosophy with Lady Jane Grey, or fighting real battles with Joan of Arc. But if I think her better employed looking after a kitchen than talking about German problem plays, it is not because looking after a kitchen is the more useful, but because it is the more intellectual employment of the two.

## THE QUEEN OF THE PACIFIC.

"STRICKEN or dead?" I asked myself this question when I opened the paper on Thursday, the 19th, and read of the awful happenings at San Francisco—the beautiful city which is the pride of every Californian and well named "Queen of the Pacific."

It was only last month that I left this most attractive of all the American great cities, after a stay of several weeks, and I have a vivid recollection of the joyous panorama of the Bay that unfolded itself before my eyes as the steamer left Oakland for San Francisco. The steam-ferries discharge their passengers at the foot of Market Street—that long, wide thoroughfare flanked on either side with many splendid buildings, enormous newspaper-offices, hotels, theatres, and a succession of fine shops—whence electric trams in never-ending succession whirl the visitor at great speed to all parts of the city.

Day after day one wakes to a brilliant, sunny morning, the sky without a cloud, the air so mild and yet exhilarating that one is not surprised to find the inhabitants, one and all, a bright and happy crowd seemingly without a care in the world, and apparently taking it for granted that they would always find their city smiling in the glorious morning sunshine. Little did they dream of the horrors of the morning of the 18th, when they would be fleeing for their lives from what was left of their city—an unsightly ruin, a prey to the fire fiend, hidden under a pall of dense smoke.

Yet they had warnings time and again; even so recently as on the night of Jan. 31 there was a slight earthquake, but my friends laughed at my fears when I suggested the possibility of San Francisco experiencing a somewhat similar fate to that of Lisbon in the eighteenth century.

I can understand their disbelief, as I well remember the really perfect day that followed. I strolled up Market Street to see the fine new Post-office buildings and the stately Town Hall, and all idea of disaster left me in the glorious sunshine and amongst the busy throngs that filled the streets. To an Englishman it is a strange experience to walk for the first time from the business quarter—covered with great stone and brick buildings—to the residential quarter, consisting, as it does, entirely of houses built of wood: some of them veritable palaces, but the building material all timber.

Surely this is almost tempting Providence in a dry climate like that of California, where during 1905 there were 197 days without a trace of rain.

Sundays were spent by the majority of the inhabitants of the better class either in trips across the Bay to the many charming resorts which cluster all round it, or at the world-renowned Golden Gate Park, which may fairly be described as an enchanted garden, as all its beauties have been constructed out of what was originally a dreary waste of sand dunes. Lunch and supper were more often than not taken at the Cliff House, a famous pleasure resort, built right on the edge of the Pacific Ocean.

A favourite walk of mine was up Nob Hill, one of the seven hills on which San Francisco is built—as from there, in front of the newly built Fairmont Hotel, never to be completed, a superb view over San Francisco Bay is to be had, embracing the towns of Oakland and Berkeley (where the State University of California was built, and which has happily been only very slightly injured) with the mountain ranges beyond; on the left hand Mount Tamalpais stands like a sentinel at the entrance to the Golden Gate; and opposite Mount Diablo towers some 4000 feet above the level of the sea. This view of the famous Bay with its framework of mountains is most impressive.

I am thinking of my many kind friends in the city with whom I have sat and talked about "the old country" at many a cheery luncheon at that most hospitable of all clubs—the Bohemian. Here all the jovial spirits of San Francisco were sure to be found at one hour or other of the day or night.

In the time of its prosperity the city was *always* bright: in the daytime from the continuous sunshine, and at night from the blaze of electric lights that came from the shops, whose windows were lighted up long hours after the shop assistants had gone home, the idea being to let people who passed in the night time see the goods in the hopes that they would be tempted to come and buy on the morrow. No wonder that my memory of the place is that of brightness, and that I am unable to grasp the fact that it is now a hideous mass of twisted steel and ashes.

My last night there was spent at a pleasant dinner-party at the Palace Hotel, which was full of pretty and well-dressed women. The dinner was excellent, and the band played a good selection of music, and I think that my last evening in the city was the pleasantest of my stay.

From San Francisco I went for a few days into the lovely Sonoma Valley—then a perfect picture in its spring mantle of green and the beautiful blossom of its tens of thousands of fruit trees; thence to San José—Santa Cruz—Monterey, and Santa Barbara, following the coast line of the Pacific Ocean, in places the sea so close that the spray came in at the open windows of the railway-carriages.

It cannot be denied that California has the finest climate in the world, and scenery that cannot be surpassed. Terrible though the present disaster is, it can be safely said that San Francisco will be rebuilt, and speedily—in all likelihood on the same site, as it is the only one at which big ships can find a sufficient depth of water.

The inhabitants will soon forget the present inferno in their enjoyment of the normal conditions of sunshine, fruit, and flowers, and in all likelihood another century will pass before the scene of the present catastrophe is again visited by anything more serious than the "tremblers," as slight earthquake shocks are termed. But be this as it may, the San Francisco of Easter Day—gay and smiling—is gone, and only a memory remains.

C. EAGLE-BOTT.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "THE BOND OF NINON," AT THE SAVOY.

EVERYBODY will wish Miss Lena Ashwell luck in her essay at management, but it must be another play than "The Bond of Ninon" which is to bring her success at the Savoy. Miss Clotilde Graves, the author of this work, had, in tackling the career of Ninon de l'Enclos, a chance of presenting an illuminating study of one of the most famous courtesans of history and turning her personality to proper dramatic account. Instead, the playwright offers us a respectable, bourgeois Ninon, and a play which is a patchwork of scenes borrowed from the exploits of d'Artagnan. In other words, the frail beauty of Louis Quatorze's Court is converted into the conventional heroine of costume romance, and round her Miss Graves has written the usual hackneyed story of artificial intrigue and adventure. The only novel elements in her scheme are Ninon's "bond" of love payable to "the bearer" and the stuttering of the young Lorraine gallant to whom she gives the document. The play's dull triviality is not redeemed by any remarkable acting. Miss Ashwell is not suited for the rôle of a grand coquette either by voice or by temperament; the actress, who was so affecting in moods of savage sullenness, passionate rage, trapped agony, and yearning love as Katusha, as Emilia, as Mrs. Dane, and as Yo-San, brings to the rôle of Ninon no distinction and no fascination. Even Mr. Ainley, that ideal stage-lover, finds it difficult to be ardent and to stutter as well, as Miss Graves demands of her gentleman of Lorraine. As for Mr. Esmond, his talent for once goes quite astray, and he makes the Grand Monarque a villain of melodrama.

## "CASTLES IN SPAIN," AT THE NEW ROYALTY.

It is to be hoped that so dainty an entertainment as the new Royalty comic opera, "Castles in Spain," for which Mr. Cosmo Hamilton has supplied the libretto and Mr. Harry Fragson the score, may hold its own against the strepitous musical comedies with which it is in such marked contrast. Its story, which is concerned with a simple love-affair and a chase after letters that carries all the characters to Madrid, is neither very new nor very dramatic, but it serves as a peg on which to hang some charming musical numbers, and it provides two pretty parts and the necessary solos and duets for the two artists who were so happily associated in the Drury Lane pantomime, Mr. Fragson and Miss May de Sousa. The "Frou-Frou" duet, for instance, of the pair is an exquisite little thing, there is real Spanish colour and warmth in the extracts made from the opera known as "La Gran Via," and both Mr. Fragson as a dashing young Frenchman, and Miss de Sousa in the rôle of an American heiress, have some attractive ditties to sing. That Mr. Fragson is too little of an actor to impersonate a character, that Miss de Sousa is somewhat too staccato-voiced, and that the whole piece is just a trifle slow—must also be frankly admitted.

## "THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER," AT WYNDHAM'S.

"The old is better" seems to be the maxim approved alike by the purveyors and by the patrons of musical comedy, and as the new piece at Wyndham's—to the making of which some dozen persons have contributed, including Mr. Howard Talbot as chief composer—is a sort of mixture of "The Shop Girl," "Veronique," and "The Spring Chicken," it was bound to please. Especially as herein our old favourite, Mr. Hayden Coffin, returns to the stage and warbles sentimental ditties with infinite seriousness and his customary gesticulation; while the popular Savoyard, Miss Isabel Jay, has an effective rôle as a general's daughter turned shop-girl, and an abundance of vocal opportunities. On the first night, as if to emphasize the virility of his part of an Australian gold digger, Mr. Coffin literally took his coat off before starting his first song, and this energy, and, it should be added, his usual happy distinctness of utterance, marked both his singing and his acting. With him sprightly Miss Jay has a charming flower-duet, and she is given many solos besides, perhaps the most taking of which has the title, "I Mean to Marry a Man." Other members of the company who deserve commendation are Miss Marie Dainton for her dances, Mr. Laurence Grossmith for an amusing sketch of an aristocratic noodle, Mr. George Barrett for a droll representation of a disagreeable waiter. Thanks to its strenuous cast and Mr. Talbot's lively music, the newest "Girl" is sure to be popular.

## THE REVUES AT THE EMPIRE AND COLISEUM.

There is a distinctly quaint idea behind the new revue, "Venus 1906," which the younger Mr. George Grossmith has written for the Empire. The librettist supposes that a statue of Venus, overhearing in this year of grace a young peer praising a Gibson girl at her expense, comes to life along with her old ally, Vulcan, and seeks redress in the Law Courts for the insult levelled at her beauty. The notion affords capital opportunities for amusing burlesque, and the piece ends with a remarkable transformation effect, representing the obliteration of Trafalgar Square by the angry Vulcan, which should of itself draw the town. The Coliseum management has almost simultaneously put forward a rival revue, which can certainly claim to present a series of stage-pictures that are simply dazzling in their gorgeous and ever-varying manipulations of colour. M. de Cottens, the inventor of this entertainment (for which, by the way, Mr. Slaughter has selected most appropriate illustrative music), reincarnates Robinson Crusoe, and sends him sight-seeing through London and Paris accompanied by a female cicerone. Their adventures carry them from Earl's Court to the Paris Carnival, and from thence to the "Zoo" and to a popular London restaurant, so that the Coliseum scene-painters and stage-managers have ample opportunities for displaying their skill, which perhaps reaches its acme in the closing grand procession of the decorations of all nations.

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## DEATH.

LINDLEY, JOSEPH.—On the 20th inst., Joseph Lindley, Mem. Inst. C.F., youngest son of the late William Lindley, of 74, Shooters Hill Road Blackheath, in his 47th year.



## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

## The San Francisco Earthquake.

usual, of the Eastern Hemisphere, seemed determined to live up to its reputation for eclipsing the calamities of the Old World. On April 18, just after five in the morning, San Francisco was wrecked by a tremendous earthquake, which spared not one of the great buildings of the city. These need not be set down in detail, as pictures of them will be found on other pages which convey better than words an idea of how terrible has been the ruin. The loss of life through the actual earthquake was comparatively small, but, as in the case of Lisbon, fire added its horrors to the disaster. It was impossible to check the flames, for the earthquake had interrupted the water supply, and the conflagration had to be allowed to burn itself out. Quite three-quarters of the city is now in ashes. Martial law was immediately proclaimed, and General Funston, with all the available troops, took charge of the city. As is usual in such catastrophes, bands of looters went in quest of plunder, and these the General shot without quarter. At least 200,000 persons fled before the flames to the parks and open spaces, where they bivouacked in what comfort they could. The food supply failed almost entirely, and for a time it was feared that the miseries of famine would be added to the other horrors, but this was averted by the promptitude of the United States Government and by the aid of the cities and towns of the Union, which hurried money and provisions to San Francisco.

Vesuvius, it seemed, had given the world sufficient sensation for at least the proverbial nine days, but America, jealous, as



Photo. Topical.  
THE LATE MR. J. M. MACLEAN  
Ex-M.P. for Oldham,  
Politician and Journalist.

1895 he became Professor of Physics at the School of Physics and Chemistry of the City of Paris, and in 1901 he was made Chargé de Cours for Physics at the Sorbonne. In 1903 M. and Madame Curie were jointly awarded the Davy Medal of the Royal Society, and in the same year the Nobel Prize for Physics was divided between them and M. Henri Becquerel. Two years ago a chair of physics was founded for him at the Paris Faculty of Sciences, and last year he was easily first in the contest for membership of the Academy of Sciences.

Mr. J. M. Maclean, who died on April 22 at the age of seventy, made for himself a considerable reputation as a Parliamentarian, chiefly, perhaps, from the fact that although in private life a most genial man, he was inclined to bitterness in public. On several occasions he found himself a staunch Conservative—in opposition to his party, and on one memorable day he had a verbal fight with Mr. Chamberlain. That led him to cross the House in the middle of a speech. He represented Oldham from 1885 until 1892, and in the latter year, after a defeat, he brought Cardiff back to Conservatism—no mean feat when it is remembered that the city had been Liberal for eight-and-forty years. As a journalist he was an expert on matters Indian, and he was at one time or another owner of the *Bombay Gazette*, part-proprietor of the Cardiff *Western Mail*, edited the *Newcastle Chronicle*, wrote leaders for the *Manchester Guardian*, and acted as President of the Institute of Journalists.

Monsignor Provost Johnson has been appointed by the Pope Auxiliary Bishop to the Archbishop of Westminster. The honour is conferred on the petition of the Bishops of the Province in recognition of the eminent

has received its equipment from the South African Constabulary at Pretoria.

For thirty years Mr. Henry Brinsley Sheridan, who died on April 19 at the age of eighty, sat as Liberal M.P. for Dudley; then, in 1886, he was defeated, and he did not seek re-election. He was a J.P. for Middlesex, Kent, and the Cinque Ports, and Captain of the 6th Cinque Ports Artillery Volunteers for four years.

Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald de Courcy Morton, whose sudden death was reported on April 20, was most recently before the public as President of the Court of Inquiry into the "ragging" incident in the Scots Guards. He won his spurs in the Afghan Campaign of 1878-80, and saw service in the Hazara Expedition and the Black Mountain Campaign in 1878. His Staff appointments were numerous, and included those of A.D.C., and later Private Secretary to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, D.A.A.G. in Bengal, A.A.G. in Bengal, and He was brought home to command the Dublin District four years ago.

A Russian correspondent to the *Manchester Guardian* writes to his paper that Father Gapon, the Russian revolutionary leader, has been hanged by his own party. It is said that he deserted the reformers and turned police spy. According to the surprising story, the priest was summoned on April 10 to a country villa where one of his friends lived. There he was charged with being a spy. "I should deny it," said Gapon; "no one will believe it." "I must call witnesses," said the other. Gapon laughed. "What witnesses can you call?" The door was flung open; four labourers rushed in, and in a minute or two Gapon was dangling from the ceiling. The correspondent vouches for the truth of the story, but Gapon has had many resurrections, and may survive even this hanging.

This week is likely to be adjudged the most memorable week of the present theatrical year—memorable on two separate accounts. In the first place, it has been devoted at His Majesty's Theatre to an elaborate Shaksperian "festival." Following the custom he inaugurated last year of celebrating Shakspeare's birth-week by a round of performances of the poet's plays, Mr. Tree has interrupted the successful run of Mr. Stephen Phillips's tragedy, "Nero," and will by to-night have revived six of the Shaksperian dramas that are in his repertory—namely, "The Tempest," "Henry IV." (Part I.), "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Julius Caesar."

Mr. Tree's appearances in such widely different rôles as those of Caliban, the two Falstaffs, Malvolio, Hamlet, and Mark Antony should convince the most sceptical playgoer of our leading actor-manager's wonderful versatility, and the whole week's revivals furnish a really worthy tribute to Shakspeare's genius.

## Miss Ellen Terry's Jubilee.

But the current week will also be notable in theatrical annals as the week in which Miss Ellen Terry attained her stage jubilee. It is fifty years ago to-day (April 28) since this actress of unique temperament and charm first trod the boards as a tiny child supporter of Kean. The professional celebration of Miss Terry's jubilee is postponed till June. Meantime, the anniversary has been, or will be, commemorated this week at three separate playhouses. Last night Ellen Terry was to repeat her delightful impersonation of Mrs. Page in "The Merry Wives" revival at His Majesty's. This afternoon, in order that Miss Terry may have her wish of acting in a Shaksperian play on the actual day of her jubilee, it has been arranged that she shall essay, "for this occasion only," the small part of the nun in the Adelphi production of "Measure for Measure," and to-night she appears at the Court Theatre in perhaps the happiest rôle that has ever been devised for her—that of the irresistible siren, Lady Cecily Wainfleet, in Mr. Bernard Shaw's comedy of "Captain Brassbound's Conversion."

## Parliament.

The House of Commons re-assembled after the Easter recess on Tuesday at 2.45 p.m., under the new Rules of Procedure. The Prime Minister and Mr. Balfour were both absent, but the attendance was good, considering the unimportance of the business. In question time Mr. Morley affirmed that there was no ground for any alarmist feeling about unrest in the native army of India. Mr. Edmund Robertson said that the



Photo. Russell.  
MONSIGNOR PROVOST JOHNSON,  
New R. C. Auxiliary Bishop.

entirely wrecked, and Healdsburg, Geyserville, Cloverdale, Dopland and Ukiah were all destroyed. Great damage was done at San José, Salinas, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Gillroy, and Hollister, where many lives were lost. Los Angeles was severely shaken, although little damage was done. On April 23 the fire at San Francisco broke out again in the coal bunkers to the north of the Ferry Building, and it was believed that the docks could not escape. The burnt district covers an area of three-quarters of a mile by three-and-a-half miles.

## Earthquakes and Eruptions.

Professor Matteucci, Director of the Vesuvian Observatory, has published a very interesting statement of his views upon the recent disturbances of the earth's surface. He believes that a close relation exists between the eruption of Vesuvius and the earthquake in California, and regards them as different effects of a common cause. He says that the surface of the earth undergoes lacerations when it cedes to internal pressure, and that volcanic eruptions are then produced. On the other hand, when it resists the pressure of the incandescent mass below the solid earth, it reproduces the motion of that mass, and the result is an earthquake. In the opinion of the learned and valiant Professor, eruptions and earthquakes have a reciprocal intimate connection, and this belief is strengthened by the phenomenon of California and Vesuvius. Scientists are divided in their opinions on these matters, but one and all will listen with respect to the Director of the Vesuvian Observatory, and will regret that neither he nor his colleagues are likely to discover any cure for a troubled planet.

## Portraits.

Professor Pierre Curie, who, with his wife, discovered radium, was knocked down by a cab and killed in the Rue de Dauphine, Paris, on April 19. It was in 1898 that M. Curie and his wife, who was formerly Mlle. Sklodowska, of Warsaw, began to follow Becquerel's investigations into the radiations of uranium and its compounds, and their researches ended in the discovery of radium. Professor Curie was born in Paris on May 15, 1859, and was educated at the Sorbonne. In

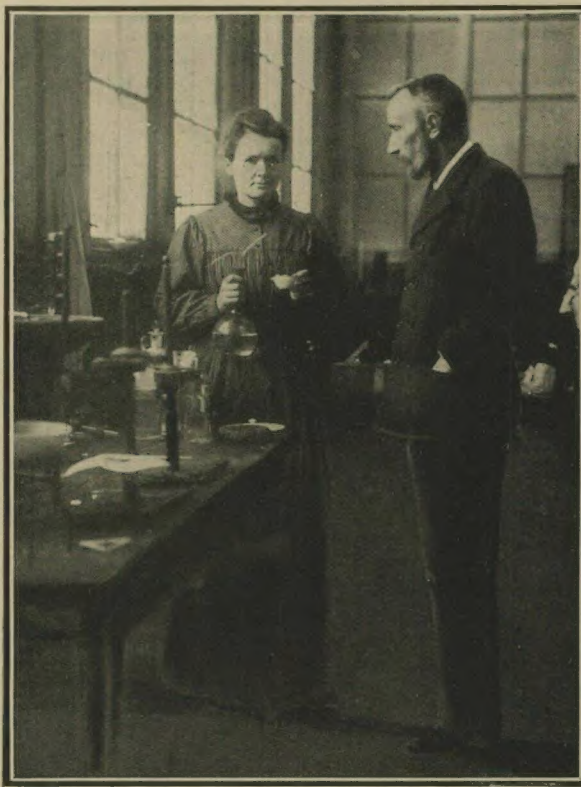


Photo. Novelles.  
THE LATE M. PIERRE CURIE AND HIS WIFE,  
Discoverers of Radium.

and quite exceptional services which Monsignor Johnson has rendered to the province and the diocese. Monsignor Johnson, who is a native of London, was ordained priest in Rome in 1857. He was formerly principal Diocesan Secretary to Cardinal Manning, an office he continued to hold under Cardinal Vaughan. Monsignor Johnson is Provost of the Chapter of Westminster.

The death has occurred, in his ninety-fourth year, of the Right Rev. Reginald Courtenay, D.D., who was the oldest Anglican Bishop. He was born on Feb. 26, 1813, and was educated at Tonbridge and Westminster, and graduated at Hertford College, Oxford. After being called



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE MR. H. BRINSLEY SHERIDAN,  
Thirty Years M.P. for Dudley.



Photo. Topical.  
COLONEL ROYSTON,  
Who is to lead the special force against Bambaata.



Photo. Fall.  
THE LATE RIGHT REV. REGINALD COURTENAY,  
Oldest Anglican Bishop.

to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1838, he was in 1841 ordained to the curacy of St. Stephen, Dublin, becoming Rector of Thornton Watlass, Yorks, a year later. In 1853 he was appointed Archdeacon of Middlesex, Jamaica, and three years later was consecrated Bishop-Coadjutor of Kingston in that colony, and from 1872 till his resignation in 1879 had the entire charge of the diocese of Jamaica. Subsequently he held the chaplaincy of L'Ermitage, France. He lived to complete the record period of half a century as a Bishop.

At the moment of writing, Royston's Horse has been enrolled for the pursuit of Bambaata. It is four hundred strong, and will take the field as soon as it



# MISS ELLEN TERRY'S JUBILEE: THE GREAT ACTRESS IN FAMOUS RÔLES.



AS PORTIA IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE,"  
AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.



AS LUCY ASHTON IN "RAVENSWOOD," WITH  
SIR HENRY IRVING AT THE LYCEUM.



Copyright Photo. by Leonard Craske.

MISS ELLEN TERRY AND HER DAUGHTER,  
MISS AILSA CRAIG. IN "THE GOOD HOPE."



A RECENT  
PORTRAIT  
OF  
MISS  
ELLEN  
TERRY.

Photo.  
Lallie Charles



Terriss. Irving.

AS QUEEN KATHERINE IN "HENRY VIII." WITH  
IRVING AND TERRISS AT THE LYCEUM.



Photo. Window and Grove.

AS GUINEVERE IN "KING ARTHUR."



Photo. Window and Grove.

AS QUEEN KATHERINE IN "HENRY VIII."

On April 28 Miss Ellen Terry celebrates her jubilee on the stage. She first appeared as Mamillius in "The Winter's Tale" with Charles Kean at the Princess's Theatre. On that occasion she played before the Queen and Prince Albert. On the 28th Miss Ellen Terry appears at the Court Theatre and at the Adelphi.



Government would continue to provide funds for beagling for the *Britannia* cadets. The Land Values Taxation (Scotland) Bill, after some discussion, was referred to a Select Committee of fifteen members. An amendment moved by Lord Robert Cecil to the Notice of Accidents Bill, and objecting to legislation by reference, was defeated by 231 votes to 41, and the Bill was read a third time. The Police Superannuation Bill and the Justices of the Peace (No. 2) Bill were read a second time. The Local Registration of Titles (Ireland) Bill was strongly opposed by Sir Edward Carson, who said that the Chief Secretary was absent because he was ashamed of the Bill. A dirtier piece of work had never been attempted. Mr. J. H. M. Campbell said that if hon. members understood the truth about this scandalous job they would not soil their fingers with it.

#### The Great Unrest in France.

The strike movement in France has made very considerable progress in the past few days owing, it is feared, to the unwillingness of the Government to take strong action as long as it was possible to look for any success from milder measures. The mining districts of Lens, Valenciennes, and Douai are in a very



DESTROYED AT SAN FRANCISCO FIRE: MILLET'S "MAN WITH THE HOE." The original of the picture belonged to the San Francisco millionaire Mr. W. M. S. Crocker. Some earlier critics of the work found it merely repulsive, and even socialistic and subversive of Society. In defence Millet wrote a famous letter to Sensier, his friend and patron.

paces and lawn tennis. But all went well, and there is no doubt that, granting European peace, the Olympic Games will once more become part of the social life of Greece.

#### The Rebellion in Natal.

Trouble in Natal has assumed definite shape, and the Ministry has decided to deal with it unaided. The Chief Sigananda has joined Bambaata in his revolt, and it is thought that another tribe belonging to Natal proper has also sent support to the rebels. To make matters worse, Bambaata has been accounting for the delay in the proceedings against him by declaring that the Natal authorities are afraid, and that consequently a strong and united effort by the Zulus will avail to overthrow white rule. He has employed witch-doctors, who are conducting operations round Cetewayo's grave and doing their best to lead the superstitious Zulus to support the rebellion. Mr. C. J. Smythe, the Premier of Natal, has defended the action of the Colony in declining to requisition British aid on the ground that the Home Government would take the settlement of this trouble out of the hands of Natal. It is certain that there will be some hard fighting in the immediate future,

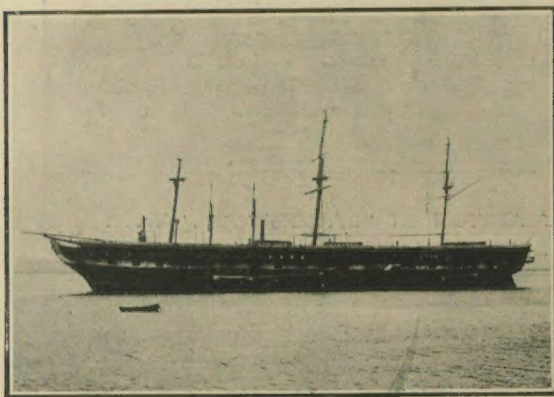


Photo. Park.

A TRAINING-SHIP FOR SALE: THE "SHAFTESBURY." The London County Council training-ship "Shaftesbury," now at Grays, is to be sold. She was formerly the "Nubia." The boys will be sent to schools for sea-training.

occasion was one of special interest, and must have recalled to the great majority of those present some thought of the old-time glory of Athens. Doubtless, too, M. Avéroff, of Alexandria, to whose munificence Greece owes the restoration of the Stadion, was not forgotten. In the evening the illumination of the Acropolis attracted vast crowds, and the foreign athletes and visitors held a reception at the Zappeion. Among the English competitors Lord Howard de Walden and Mr. Edgar Seligman



DESTROYED BY THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE: THE MISSION DOLORES.

The chapel was one of the earliest of the Spanish buildings, and its name is familiar to readers of Bret Harte.

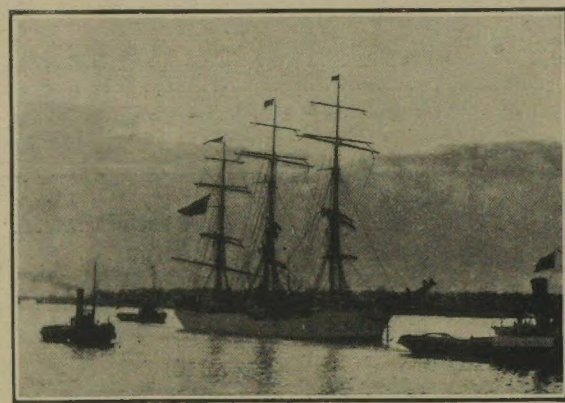


Photo. Topical.

THE LOST BELGIAN TRAINING-SHIP: THE "COMTE DE SMET DE NAEYER."

The vessel went down in the Bay of Biscay on April 18, with her skipper, Captain Fourcalt, and thirty-four cadets.



Photo. Cumming.

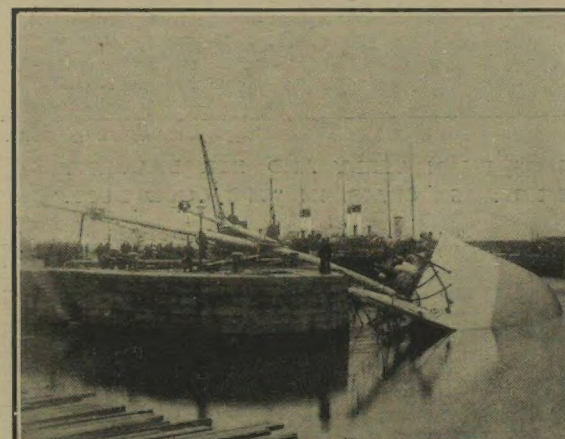
THE WINNERS OF THE EVELYN WOOD TROPHY: "H" COMPANY, 1st SCOTS GUARDS.

The team won the Cup with an aggregate of 412 points. "B" Company of the 2nd Seaforth Highlanders was second with 401 points.

dangerous state, for, in addition to the ordinary strike propagandists, there are emissaries of the Revolutionary and Anarchist parties trying to upset law and order altogether. While the miners have rights that may have been neglected and grievances that should have been redressed, the general mass of workers in the disturbed districts are not called upon by existing conditions to join in the strike. Although troops have been sent into all districts to which the unrest has spread, the first Government orders forbade them to use their weapons, and strikers were prompt to take advantage of the restriction. It has now been found necessary to give the soldiers a freer hand. The advance guard of the Labour Party is doing what it can to promote a general strike on May 1. The Government is seriously weakened by the prolonged disturbance.

**The Olympic Games.** On Monday last the Olympic games opened in the Stadion at Athens before King Edward, Queen Alexandra, King George of Greece, and many other royal spectators. The

distinguished themselves in the fencing competition, and throughout the meeting British and American athletes have made a very favourable impression. The modernity of the competitions is very noticeable. Athens met Salonika at football, lady gymnasts from Denmark distinguished themselves, there were cycle



THE LOST BELGIAN TRAINING-SHIP OVERTURNED AFTER HER LAUNCH.

From the very beginning the "Comte de Smet de Naeyer" was unfortunate. After her masts were stepped at Glasgow she heeled over.



Photo. Berliner Illustrations-Gesellschaft.

THE MILLIONAIRES' QUARTER OF SAN FRANCISCO: NOB HILL, NOW UTTERLY DESTROYED.

but, at the same time, there should be no reason to doubt the result. Thousands of irregulars are at the service of the Natal Government, and Dinizulu, whose support is of considerable value to Natal, has given ample assurance of loyalty, even although he may not be able to control his young men. With the approval of Lord Selborne, the Transvaal Government has offered to Natal 500 volunteers, fully armed and equipped.

#### The Opening of the Duma.

Russian elections proceed apace. The Duma will be opened on May 10, when Deputies will be received in the Peterhof, where the Tsar will read his Speech from the Throne. The Electoral College of the Nobility had met in St. Petersburg, and chosen eighteen members of the Upper House. No fewer than sixteen of these are Moderates, and it is now stated on authority that there will be a majority in the Upper House distinctly opposed to the Reactionaries. The Constitutional Democrats, whose success in the elections has been the feature of latter-day political development in Russia, will hold a Congress on May 4.



## AN EASY WAY OUT OF DEBT: A NEWGATE MARRIAGE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



"TWIXT RING AND ROPE: A CONDEMNED MAN'S WEDDING IN OLD NEWGATE.

In the eighteenth century, by a curious legal anomaly, women were relieved of all debts on their marriage. Women of fashion who had lost heavily at play used often to go to Newgate and marry a condemned criminal just before the cart started for Tyburn. In a recent romance the criminal thus married was suddenly reprieved, and the lady found herself in an unfortunate position, from which she was ultimately released by the discovery that the man was already married.



# INTERESTING LEAVES FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK.



Photo. Park.

## TO BE OPENED BY THE KING: THE HEARTS OF OAK BUILDING.

The new building of the Hearts of Oak Benefit Society, which has just been completed in the Euston Road, is to be opened by the King early in May.



Photo. Pegg.

## SOLD FOR A SHILLING: A PROBABLE RELIC OF KING JOHN.

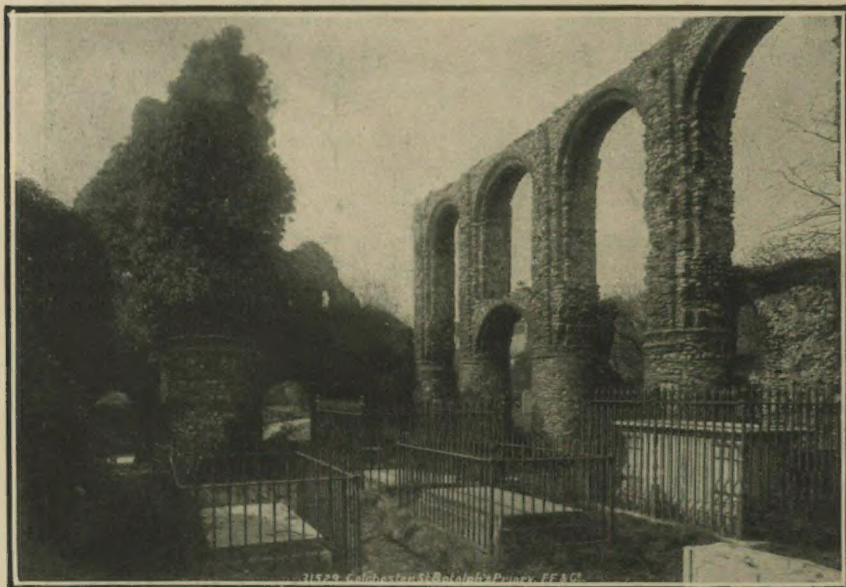
A wonderful loving-cup has just been fished up from the Wash, and is probably part of the baggage lost there by King John.



Photo. McNeill.

## SHAKSPERE'S TOMB ON HIS BIRTHDAY. ST. GEORGE'S DAY, APRIL 23.

On Shakspeare's birthday, April 23, his grave in the church at Stratford-on-Avon is always beautifully decorated.



## THE RUINS OF THE NAVE.

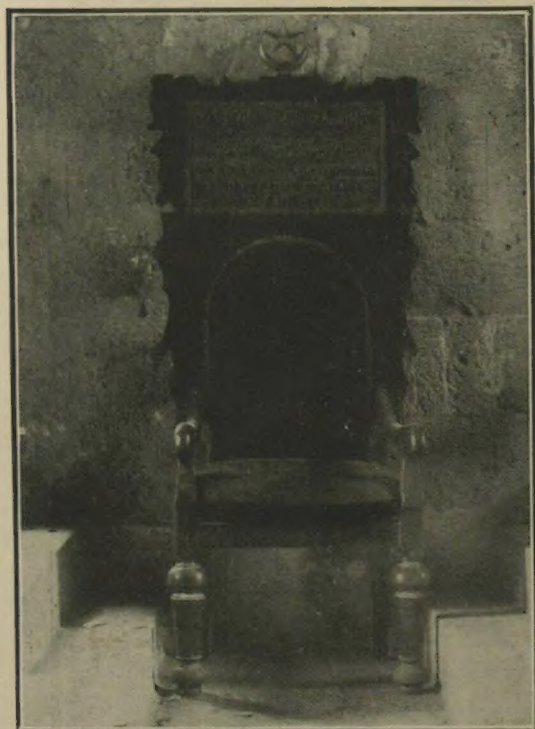
### A PICTURESQUE RUIN IN DANGER: ST. BOTOLPH'S PRIORY, COLCHESTER.

The ruins of St. Botolph's Priory, Colchester, are in imminent danger of collapse. It is expected that the Town Council will make an effort to preserve them, as they represent one of the finest specimens of Anglo-Norman architecture in the country.



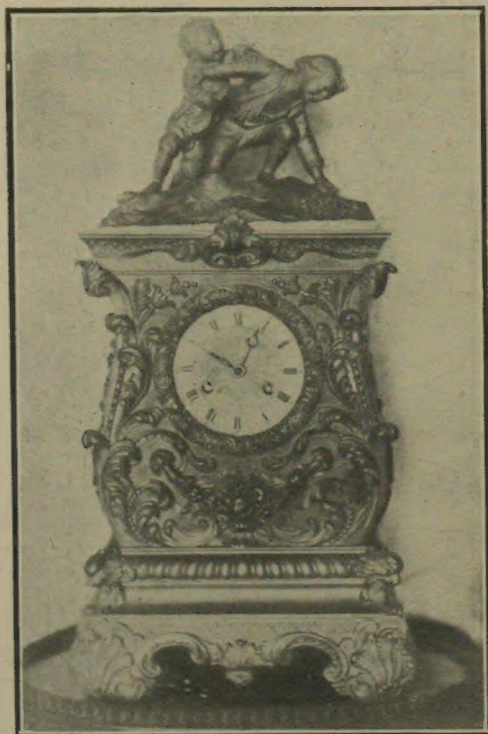
Photos. Frith.

## THE GREAT WEST DOOR.



## A CHAIR FOR CENTENARIANS ONLY.

In the Citadel at Cairo is a chair used by the gatekeeper, who died last year at the age of 125. On the chair is an inscription in English and Arabic: "Only he who by the favour of God has lived a hundred years may sit here."



## A 'WELLINGTON' RELIC AT RUABON.

The clock was bought at a sale for £1 12s. 6d. The purchaser afterwards discovered that it had belonged to Wellington's mother, by whom it was left to a Mrs. Norman. Its present value is said to be £20.



## AN OWLS' NEST IN AN OVEN.

The owls' nest was found in a deserted house in Italy. It was built in an oven, and the mother had hatched a brood of five. They were quite unmolested by a cat which had also some claims to the ruins.



“THE BOND OF NINON,” AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.



Chevalier de Bellorme (Mr. Henry Ainley).

Ninon de Lenclos (Miss Lena Ashwell).

Louis XIV. (Mr. H. V. Esmond).

THE KING DISARMED BY THE CHEVALIER BELLORME.

[SEE "THE PLAYHOUSES."]



# HI - SPY - HI !

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF THE LOOE DIE-HARDS.

ILLUSTRATED BY

By "Q."

[A. FORESTIER.]

MAYBE you have never heard of the East and West Looe Volunteer Artillery—the famous Looe Die-hards? "The iniquity of oblivion," says Sir Thomas Browne, "blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity." "Time," writes Dr. Isaac Watts—

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away!

and this fine hymn was a favourite with Captain Æneas Pond, the commanding-officer of the Die-hards. Yet am I sure that while singing it Captain Pond in his heart excepted his own renowned corps. For were not the Die-hards an exception to every rule?

In the spring of the year 1803, when King George had to tell his faithful subjects that the Treaty of Amiens was no better than waste-paper, and Bonaparte began to assemble his troops and flat-bottomed boats in the camp and off the coast by Boulogne with intent to invade us, public excitement in the twin towns of East and West Looe rose to a very painful pitch. Of this excitement was begotten the East and West Looe Volunteer Artillery, which the Government kept in pay for six years and then reluctantly disbanded. The company on an average numbered sixty or seventy men, commanded by a Captain and two lieutenants of their own choosing. They learned the exercise of the great guns and of small arms; they wore a uniform consisting of blue coat and pantaloons, with scarlet facings and yellow wings and tassels, and a white waistcoat, and the ladies of Looe embroidered two flags for them, with an inscription on each—"Death or Victory" on the one; on the other, "We Choose the Latter."

They meant it, too. If the course of events between 1803 and 1809 denied them the chance of achieving victory, 'tis at least remarkable how they avoided the alternative. Indeed it was their tenacity in keeping death at arm's length which won for them their famous sobriquet.

The Doctor invented it. (He was surgeon to the corps as well as to its senior Lieutenant.) The Doctor made the great discovery, and imparted it to Captain Pond on a memorable evening in the late summer of 1808 as the two strolled homeward from parade—the Captain moodily, as became a soldier who for five years had carried a sword engraved with the motto, "My Life's Blood for the Two Looes," and as yet had been granted no opportunity to flesh it.

"But look here, Pond," said the Doctor. "Has it ever occurred to you to reflect that in all these five years since you first enlisted your company, not a single man of it has died?"

"Why the devil should he?" asked Captain Pond.

"Why? Why, by every law of probability!" answered the Doctor. "Take any collection of seventy men the sum of whose ages divided by seventy gives an average age of thirty-four—which is the mean age of our corps, for I've worked it out: then by the most favourable rates of mortality three at least should die every year."

"War is a fearful thing!" commented Captain Pond.

"But, dammit, I'm putting the argument on a *civilian* basis! I say that even in time of peace, if you take any seventy men the sum of whose ages divided by seventy gives thirty-four, you ought in five years to average a loss of fifteen men."

"Then," murmured Captain Pond, "all I can say is that peace is a fearful thing too."

"Yes, yes, Pond! But my point is that in all these five years *we* have not yet lost a single man."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Captain Pond, after a moment's thought. "How do you account for it?"

Professionally the Doctor was the most modest of men. "I do not seek to account for it," said he. "I only know that you, my old friend, well deserve the distinction which you have characteristically overlooked—that of commanding the most remarkable company in the Duchy; nay, I will venture to say, in the whole of England."

They had reached the brow of the hill overlooking the town. Captain Pond halted and gazed for a moment on the veil of smoke above the peaceful chimneys, then into the sunset fading far down the Channel. A sudden moisture clouded his gaze, but in th: moisture quivered a new-born light of pride.

Yes, it was true. He—he in five years' command—had never lost a man!

The discovery elated and yet humbled him. His was a simple soul and took its responsibilities seriously. He sought not to inquire for what high purpose Providence had so signally intervened to stave off from the East-West Looe Artillery the doom of common men: he only prayed to be equal to it, whatever it may be. The Doctor's statistics had, in fact, scared him a little. I am positive that he never boasted.

And yet—I will say this for the credit of us Cornishmen, that we rejoice one in another's success or good fortune. Captain Pond might walk humbly and "touch wood" to avert Nemesis: he could not prevent the whisper spreading, nor, as it spread, could he silence the congratulations of his fellow-townsmen. "One and All" is our motto, and Looe quickly made Captain Pond's singular distinction its own—

There's Horse, there's Foot, there's Artiller-y,  
Yet none comes up with Looe;  
For the rest of the Army never *says* die,  
But our chaps never *do*.

You may realise something of the public enthusiasm when I tell you that it gave an entirely new trend to

that Uncle Issy himself was ageing. But now the poor old fellow found himself the object of a solicitude which (as he grumbled) made the Town Quay as melancholy as a house in a warren.

The change in the public attitude came on him with a sudden shock. "Good-mornin', Uncle," said Sergeant Pengelly of the Sloop Inn, as the veteran joined the usual group on the Quay for the usual "crack" after breakfast. "There was a touch o' frost in the air this mornin'. I hope it didn't affect you."

"What?" said Uncle Issy.

"We're in for a hard winter this season," went on Sergeant Pengelly lugubriously. "A touch o' frost so early in October you may take as one o' Natur's warnings."

"Ay," chimed in Gunner Tripconey, shaking his head. "What is man, when all's said an' done? One moment he's gallivantin' about in beauty and majesty, an' the next—*phut!* as you may say."

Uncle Issy stared at him with neighbourly interest. "Been eatin' anything to disagree with you?" he asked.

"I have not," Mr. Tripconey answered; "and what's more, though born so recent as the very year his Majesty came to the throne, I've ordained to be extry careful over my diet this winter an' go slow over such delicacies as fried 'taties for breakfast. If these things happen in the green tree, Mr. Spettigew, what shall be done in the dry?"

Mr. Spettigew cheerfully ignored the hint. "Talkin' of frost and 'taties," he said, "have you ever tried storin' them in hard weather under your bed-tie? 'Tis a bit nubby till the sleeper gets used to it, but it benefits the man if he's anyway given to lumbago, an' for the 'taties themselves 'tis salvation. I tried it through the hard winter of the year 'five by the advice o' Parson Buller, and a better Christian never missed the point of a joke. 'Well, Israel,' says he that January, 'how be the potatoes getting along?' 'Your honour,' says I, 'like the Apostles themselves, thirteen to the dozen; and likewise of whom it was said that many are cold but few are frozen'—*hee-hee!*"

Nobody smiled. "If you go strainin' yourself over little witticisms like that," observed young Gunner Oke gloomily, "one of these days you'll be heving the Dead March played over you before you know what's happenin': and then, perhaps, you'll laugh on t'other side of your mouth."

Uncle Issy gazed around upon the company. They were eyeing him, one and all, in deadly earnest, and he crept away. Until that moment he had carried his years without feeling the burden. He went home, raked together the embers of the fire over which he had cooked his breakfast, drew his chair close to the hearth, and sat down to warm himself. Yes: Sergeant Pengelly had spoken the truth. There *was* an unnatural touch of frost in the air this morning.

By and by, when William Henry Phippin's son, Archelaus, bugler to the corps (aged fifteen), took the whooping-cough, public opinion blamed Captain Pond no less severely for having enlisted a recruit who was

still an undergraduate in such infantile disorders: and although the poor child took it in the mildest form, his father (not hitherto remarkable for parental tenderness) ostentatiously practised the favourite local cure and conveyed him to and fro for three days and all day long in the ferry-boat which plied under Captain Pond's windows. The demonstration, which was conducted in mufti, could not be construed as mutiny; but the spirit which prompted it, and the public feeling it evoked, galled the worthy Captain more than he cared to confess.

Still, and when all was said and done, the sweets of notoriety outflavoured the sour. The Troy Artillery down the coast had betrayed its envy in a spiteful epigram; and this neighbourly acid infused upon the pride of Looe had crystallised it, so to speak, into the name now openly and defiantly given to the corps. They were the Die-hards henceforth, jealous of the title and of all that it implied. The ladies of Looe, with whom Captain Pond (an unmarried man) had ever been a favourite, used during the next few weeks far severer language towards their neighbours of Troy than they

[Continued overleaf.]



"In all these five years we have not yet lost a single man"

the small-talk on the Town Quay. Hitherto, the male population which resorted there had admitted but four subjects as worthy of sensible men's discussion—the weather, the shipping intelligence, religion, and politics: but in a few days the health of the "Die-hards" took precedence of all these and even threatened to monopolise public gossip. Captain Pond, as the first reward of notoriety, found himself severely criticised for having at the outset enlisted a dozen gunners of ripe age, although he had chosen them for no worse reason than that they had served in his Majesty's Navy and were by consequence the best marksmen in the two towns. Not even this excuse, however, could be pleaded on behalf of Gunner Israel Spettigew (commonly known as Uncle Issy), a septuagenarian who owed his inclusion entirely to the jokes he cracked. They had been greatly relished on parade: as indeed they had made him for forty years past the one indispensable man at Mayor-choosings, Church-feasts, Carol-practices, Guise-dancings, and all public occasions; and because they varied little with the years, no-one had taken the trouble to remark until now



# THE KING'S VISIT TO GREECE: HIS MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL AT CORFU.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ADOLFO CROCE.



THE KING AND QUEEN LANDING AT CORFU: THE PRESENTATION OF A BOUQUET TO QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

At four o'clock on April 11 the King and Queen landed at St. Nicholas' Steps, Corfu. The King of Greece presented M. Demetrius Kollas, the Mayor, to their Majesties, and the Chief Magistrate made an address of welcome, to which the King replied. A little girl presented a bouquet to Queen Alexandra.



had ever found for the distant but imminent Gaul and his lascivious advances.

All this was well enough; but Looe had a Thersites in its camp.

His name was Scantlebury; he kept a small general shop in the rear of the Town Quay, and he bore Captain Pond a grudge of five years' standing for having declined to enlist him on the pretext of his legs being so malformed that the children of the town drove their hoops between them.

In his nasty spite this Scantlebury sat down and indited a letter, addressed—

To the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> Person as looks after the Artillery Horse Guards

London.

HON<sup>BLE</sup> SIR,—This comes hoping to find you well as it leaves me at present and I beg leave to tell you there be some dam funny goings-on, down here to Looe. The E. & W. Looe Volunteer Artillery have took to calling themselves the Die-hards and the way they coddle is a public scandal, when I tell you that for six weeks there has been no drill in the fresh air and 16/8 public money has been paid to T. Tripconey carpenter (a member of the corps) for fastening up the windows of the Town Hall against draughts. Likewise a number of sandbags have been taken from the upper battery and moved down to the said room (which they use for a drill hall) to stop out the wind from coming under the door. Likewise also to my knowledge for three months the company have not been allowed to move at the double because Gunner Spettigew (who owns to seventy-three) cant manage a step of thirty-six inches without his heart being effected.

I wish you could see the place where they have been and moved the said upper Battery. It would make you laugh. They have put it round the corner to the eastward where it would have to blow away seven or eight hundred ton of Squire Trelawny's cliff before it could get a clear shot at a vessel entering the haven. Trusting you will excuse the length of this letter and come down and have a look for yourself, I remain yours truly

A WELL-WISHER.

The clerk in Whitehall who opened this unconventional letter passed it up to his chief, who in turn passed it on to the Adjutant-General, who thrust it into a pigeon-hole reserved for such curiosities. Now, as it happened, a week later the Adjutant-General received a visit from a certain Colonel Taubmann of the Royal Artillery, who was just leaving London for Plymouth, to make a tour of inspection through the West, and report on the state of the coast-defences; and during the interview, as the Adjutant-General glanced down the Colonel's list of batteries, his eye fell on the name "Looe"; whereby being reminded of the letter, he pulled it out and read it for his visitor's amusement.

You may say then that the Colonel had fair warning. Yet it was far from preparing him for the welcome he received, three weeks later, when he drove down to Plymouth to hold his inspection, due notice of which had been received by Captain Pond ten days before.

"What the devil's the meaning of this?" demanded Colonel Taubmann as his post-boy reined up on the knap of the hill above the town. By "this" he meant a triumphal arch, packed with evergreens, and adorned with the motto "*Death to the Invader*" in white letters on a scarlet ground.

He repeated the question to Captain Pond, who appeared a minute later in full regimentals advancing up the hill with his Die-hards behind him and a large and excited crowd in the rear.

"Good morning, Sir!" Captain Pond halted beneath the archway and saluted, beaming with pride and satisfaction and hospitable good-will. "I am addressing Colonel Taubmann, I believe. Permit me to bid you welcome to Looe, Colonel, and to congratulate you upon this perfect weather. Nature, as one might say, has indulged her gayest garb. You have enjoyed a pleasant drive, I hope?"

"What the devil is the meaning of this, Sir?" repeated the Colonel.

Captain Pond looked up at the motto and smiled. "The reference is to Bonaparte. Dear me, I trust—I sincerely trust—you did not even for a moment mistake the application. You must pardon us, Colonel. We are awkward perhaps in our country way—awkward no doubt; but hearty, I assure you."

The Colonel, though choleric, was a good-natured man, and too much of a gentleman to let his temper loose, though sorely tried, when at the bottom of the hill the Die-hards halted his carriage that he might receive not only an address from the Doctor as Mayor, but a large bouquet from the hands of the Doctor's

four-year-old daughter, little Miss Sophronia, whom her mother led forward amid the plaudits of the crowd. (The Doctor, I should explain, was a married man of but five years' standing, and his wife and he doted on one another and on little Miss Sophronia, their only child.) This item of the programme, carefully rehearsed beforehand and executed pat on the moment with the prettiest air of impromptu, took the worthy officer so fairly aback that he found himself stammering thanks before he well knew what had happened: and from that moment he was at the town's mercy. Before he could drop back in the chaise, and almost before the Mayor, casting off his robe and throwing it upon the arm of the town-crier, had exchanged his civic for his military rôle, the horses were unharnessed and a dozen able-bodied men tugging at the traces: and so, desperately gripping a stout bunch of scarlet geraniums, Colonel Taubmann was rattled off amid a whirl of cheering through the narrow streets, over the cobbles, beneath arches and strings of flags and flag-bedecked windows from which the women leaned and showered rice upon him, with a band playing ahead and a rabble shouting astern, up the hill to the battery, where willing hands had wreathed Looe's four eighteen-pounders with trusses

"the practice, if a man can speak professionally, was a disgrace. Oke, there, at Number 2 gun, must ha' lost his head altogether; for I marked the shot strike the water; and 'twas a good hundred yards short if an inch. 'Hullo!' says I, and glances toward the chap to apologise. If you'll believe me, I'd fairly opened my mouth to tell 'en that nine times out of ten you weren't such a blamed fool as you looked, when a glance at his eye told me he hadn't noticed. The man looked so pleased with everythin', I felt like nudgin' him under the ribs with a rammer: but I dessay 'twas as well I thought better of it. The regular forces be terrible on their dignity at times."

Colonel Taubmann had, however, made a note of the Die-hards' marksmanship, and attempted to tackle Captain Pond on the subject later in the afternoon—albeit gently—over a cup of tea provided by the Mayoress.

"There is a spirit about your men, Captain—," he began.

"You take sugar?" interposed Captain Pond.

"Thank you: three lumps."

"You find it agrees with you? Now in the Duchy, Sir, you'll find it the rarest exception for anyone to take sugar."

"As I was saying, there is certainly a spirit about your men—"

"Health and spirits, Sir! In my experience the two go together. Health and spirits—the first requisites for success in the military calling, and both alike indispensable! If a soldier enjoy bad health, how can he march? If his liver be out of order, if his hand tremble, if he see black spots before his eyes, with what accuracy will he shoot? Rheumatism, stone, gout in the system—"

Colonel Taubmann stared. Could he believe his eyes, or had he not, less than an hour ago, seen the Looe Artillery plumping shot into the barren sea a good fifty yards short of their target? Could he trust his ears, or was it in a dream he had listened, just now, to Captain Pond's reasons for marching his men home at a pace reserved, in other regiments, for funerals? "In my judgment, Sir, a step of twenty-four to thirty inches is as much as any man over sixty years of age can indulge in without risk of overstrain, and even so I should prescribe forty-eight steps a minute as the maximum. Some criticism has been levelled at me—not perhaps without excuse—for having enlisted men of that age. It is easy to be wise after the event, but at the time other considerations weighed with me—as for instance that the men were sober and steady-going, and that I knew their ways, which is a great help in commanding a company."

Colonel Taubmann stared, but held his tongue. There was indeed a breadth of simplicity about Captain Pond—a seriousness, innocent and absolute, which positively forbade retort.

"Nay," went on the worthy man, "carry the argument out to its logical conclusion. If a soldier's efficiency be reduced by ill health, what shall we say

of him when he is dead? A dead soldier—unless it be by the memory of his example—avails nothing. The active list knows him no more. He is gone, were he Alexander the Great and the late Marquis of Granby rolled into one. No energy of his repels the invader; no flash of his eye reassures the trembling virgin or the perhaps equally apprehensive matron. He lies in his place, and the mailed heel of Bellona—to borrow an expression of our Vicar's—passes over him without a protest. I need not labour this point: the mere mention of it bears out my theory, and justifies the line I have taken in practice—that in these critical times when Great Britain calls upon her sons to consolidate their ranks in face of the Invader, it is of the first importance to keep as many as possible of them alive and in health."

"Captain Pond has mounted his hobby, I see," said the pretty Mayoress, coming forward at the conclusion of this harangue. "But you should hear my husband, Sir, on the health-giving properties of Looe's climate."

Colonel Taubmann bowed gallantly. "Madam, I have no need. Your own cheeks bear a more eloquent testimony to it, I warrant, than any he could compose."

"Well, and so they do, my love," said the Doctor that evening, when she repeated this pretty speech to him. "But I don't understand why you should add that anyone could tell he belonged to the regular service."

(To be concluded.)



Colonel Taubmann was rattled off amid a whirl of cheering.

of laurel. The very mark moored off for a target had been decorated with an enormous bunch of holly and a motto—decipherable, as Captain Pond, offering his field-glass, pointed out—

Our compliments to Bonaparte:  
He'll find us well and likewise hearty.

The moment for resistance, for effective protest, had passed. There was really nothing for the Colonel to do but accept the situation with the best face he could muster. As the chaise drew up alongside the battery, he did indeed cast one wild look around and behind him, but only to catch a bewitching smile from the Mayoress—a young and extremely good-looking woman with that soft brilliance of complexion which sometimes marks the early days of motherhood. And Captain Pond, with the Doctor and Mr. Clogg, his second-lieutenant, at his elbow, was standing hat-in-hand by the carriage-step; and the weather was perfect, and every face in the crowd—and along the line of the Die-hards—so unaffectedly happy, that—to be brief—the Colonel lost his head for the moment and walked through the inspection as in a dream, accepting—or at least seeming to accept—all in the genial holiday spirit in which it was so honestly presented. Bang-Bang! went the eighteen-pounders, and through the smoke Colonel Taubmann saw the pretty Mayoress put up both hands to her ears.

"Damme!" said Gunner Spettigew that evening,



## KING ALFONSO'S EASTERTIDE: GOOD FRIDAY IN SEVILLE.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SEVILLE.



THE KING IN THE GOOD-FRIDAY PROCESSION IN SEVILLE CATHEDRAL.

King Alfonso spent Easter in his Andalusian capital, and took part in the ceremonies and festivities of the season. On Good Friday his Majesty, with his mother and sister, attended the service in the Cathedral and took part in the procession of the Holy Cross.



AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

MOVING about the country brings a man acquainted with strange company in the way of literature. Associating with a cheap popular magazine, I picked up the following scrap of information: "In the times of Augustus printing was still hidden deep in the bosom of the future centuries, and even paper was non-existent. It was lucky for Horace that it was so; for it is to this, no less than to the sweetness of his strains, that he is indebted for the measure of immortality that he was persuaded would be his. As his poems could neither be written nor printed, they were engraved in imperishable characters."

Oh, school boards, are ye the causes of this non-sense thrust on a widely educated population? How many readers, in our enlightened age, may have perused this fragment of learning, and thought it "all very capital." The author supposed that in an age when nothing could be written, poems could be engraved. How could they be engraved if writing was unknown? On what substance were the "imperishable" characters incised?

Seven or eight hundred years before our era the people of a town in Crete had their whole code of laws, and a long code it is, engraved on a wall. Plenty of the wall is left: part of it was found, I think, in the stone-work of a mill-dam, having been employed for this useful purpose by a modern farmer. Any citizen, twenty-six centuries ago, who wanted to know the law about his private affairs, simply "went to the wall" and read it off, or got a friend to read it for him. But ancient literature was not "engraved in imperishable characters" on walls. The walls of Rome, though extensive, did not present surface enough for the literature of the age of Horace, engraved "on the line," for there would be no use in engraving it so high up that nobody could read it. If there was no paper, there was any quantity of papyrus, of parchment, of clay, of waxed tablets, and of pens and ink. Cretans could write in pen and ink more than three thousand years ago; there are examples of such writing on vases older than that, though any books and documents written on perishable materials have naturally perished. Education was widely diffused, but had not yet begotten that frame of mind in which an instructor of the public can assert that, while writing was not possible, the works of poets could be engraved. The famed French novelist, Gustave Flaubert, kept a notebook for recording examples of absurdity, but perhaps he never culled so fair a flower of want of thought as this lovely specimen.

Books were cheap in the time of Horace or not long afterwards. There were fivepenny editions, if a *denarius* was a penny. But already the public was very stingy in the matter of book-buying. Martial, having published a new volume of verse at fivepence, had an experience with which I am familiar. An acquaintance wanted to read the book, so he asked to be allowed to borrow the author's copy. He would send his page for it, from one end of Rome to the other. Martial replied that there was no need to take so much trouble. There was a bookshop near his friend's door, where he could obtain the little volume for fivepence. But it is unlikely that his friend came down with the bronze.

A Dickensian correspondent of the *Athenæum* draws attention to a curious little incident at which I also had glanced in discussing the problem of the intended conclusion of "Edwin Drood." Dickens, in 1869, the year in which he planned "Edwin Drood," began to publish in *All the Year Round* a short romance by Robert Lytton (later Earl of Lytton). The story was called "John Acland," and dealt with the disappearance of John, who had been murdered, for reasons too uninteresting to be remembered, in the Southern States of America. But Dickens was obliged to write to Lytton, saying that the story must be rapidly wound up, as somebody whom he knew had read it before in some other periodical.

This was awkward for Mr. Lytton, but the explanation was probably the usual explanation. A curious set of circumstances occur in real life, and various literary people, hearing the narrative in conversation, use it independently as the basis of stories long or short. The stories are duly published in different magazines, and then people ask, "Which of the authors is the plagiarist?" Neither is, of course. Three or four years ago, two of the best authors of fiction brought the same terrible and fantastic incident into stories which appeared at the same time. I was acquainted with both of them, and, on asking one of them whence he got this horrible scene, learned that the late Miss Kingsley, the African explorer, had told it to him, as a matter of fact. I forgot whence the other writer got his incident, but I rather think that he had seen it happen: he was a great traveller, and it could only occur in a tropical country. In short, one has known these coincidences occur again and again. A very original invention by an American author, Mr. James O'Brien, won its way, its origin forgotten, into general talk, and supplied a story to Guy de Maupassant ("Le Horla") and to an anonymous author in the *Cornhill Magazine*. Probably Mr. Lytton obtained the elements of his story of John Acland (it was to have been styled originally "The Disappearance of John Acland") in the same way, in casual talk, and the narrative may have been founded in fact.

In what place did it first appear? Dickens had an idea that it was in *Chambers's Journal*. The correspondent of the *Athenæum*, Mr. Cuming Walters, asks where is the prototype of "John Acland" to be found? The Dickensians are a large body of minute inquirers: they may read back numbers of old magazines till they find the object of their eager curiosity.

As Dickens's attention had been occupied with the disappearance of John Acland just before he began to work on the disappearance of Edwin Drood, I read Mr. Lytton's tale, to see whether it threw a light on the Drood mystery. It threw none, as far as I could discover.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

F P GLADIALI (Bombay).—We are much obliged for the trouble you have taken in your interesting letter. We fear, however, that our Western taste would not appreciate such problems as the one you submit, and conditional problems are now matters of ancient history. The games between Staunton and St. Amant may be found in Staunton's "Chess Tournament" (Bohn's Series).

READING SOCIETY (Corfu).—Cook's "Compendium" is the most recent work published; but the last edition of "Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern," is very useful.

H WHITTON (Tunbridge Wells).—We shall have pleasure in inserting your jubilee problem at the earliest possible moment. In reply to your query, we have H E Kidson and Fred Thompson happily amongst us.

P DALY (Brighton).—Another examination confirms us in the opinion we expressed. There is a mate in three moves by removing the Rook at Q R sq. The key move is too easy, and we therefore release the problem, as you desire.

J R KNOX.—We will give the problem further attention.

A W DANIEL.—Both problem and game are very acceptable. We were exceedingly sorry about the last problem, and the error was in the opposite direction to that in which we generally search.

J G CONSTABLE.—Thanks, it shall be examined.

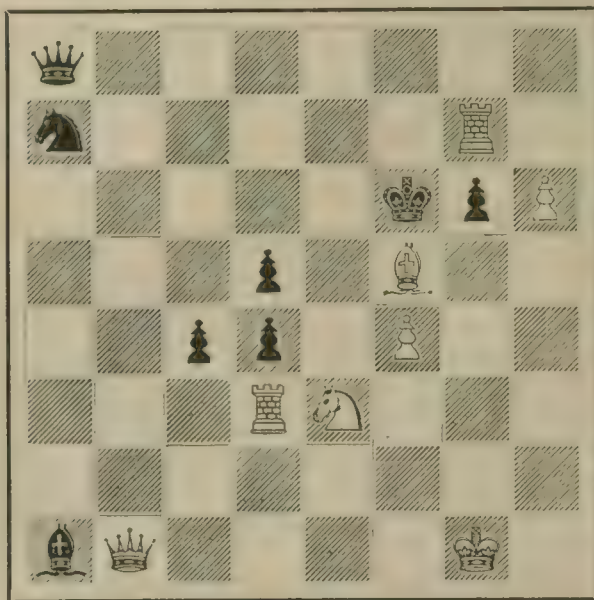
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3226 received from Girindra Chandra Mukherji (Muktagacha, India); of No. 3230 from C Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3231 from Frank W Atchinson (Crowthorne), Robert Bee (Colsterworth), Trial, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), and H A Sims (Stockwell); of No. 3232 from T Roberts, the Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu), C E Perugini, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), E J Winter-Wood, J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), H S Brandreth (Bath), and Rev. A Mays (Bedford).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3233 received from J Hopkinson (Derby), H B Gross, Eugene Henry (Lewisham), T Roberts, F R Pickering (Forest Hill), F Atterbury (Manchester), Hereward, J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), Shadforth, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), J D Tucker (Ilkley), G Currie (Bristol), R Worters (Canterbury), H S Brandreth (Bath), F Henderson (Leeds), and E J Winter-Wood.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3232.—By GODFREY HEATHCOTE.

WHITE. 1. R to R 2nd 2. Kt to Q 5th (ch) 3. B or R mates. BLACK. K to Kt 3rd K takes Kt, or moves. If Black play 1. K to Kt 5th, 2. Kt to Kt 7th, and 1. Any other, then 2. Kt to R 4th (ch), and P or B mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 3235.—By PERCY HEALEY. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at the Manhattan Chess Club between Messrs. Fox and MAROCZY.

WHITE (Mr. F.) BLACK (Mr. M.) 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th 2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd 3. B to Kt 5th Kt to Q 5th

A welcome revival of Mr. Bird's old defence, which appears in this game to have more to say for itself than the authorities would allow.

4. Kt takes Kt P takes Kt 5. P to Q 3rd Kt to Kt 3rd 6. Castles B to Kt 2nd 7. Kt to Q 2nd Kt to K 2nd 8. P to K B 4th P to Q B 3rd 9. B to B 4th

B to R 4th withholds from Black the opportunity of improving his centre, which now follows.

10. P takes P P to Q 4th 11. Q to K 2nd (ch) Kt takes P 12. Kt to B 3rd Kt to K 3rd 13. B to Q 2nd Q to Kt 3rd 14. P to Q Kt 3rd Q R to K sq 15. B takes Kt B takes Kt 16. Q to B 2nd B takes Kt 17. Q takes B Q to B 4th

Black emerges from the opening with an attack well in hand and a distinctly better game.

18. Q R to B sq P to B 4th

Game played at the New York Chess Championship between Messrs. SOUWEINE and HELMS.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. H.) 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th 2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd 3. B to Kt 5th P to Q R 3rd 4. B to R 4th Kt to B 3rd 5. Castles B to Q 3rd 6. P to Q 3rd B to K 2nd 7. P to B 3rd Castles 8. P to K R 3rd Kt to K sq 9. P to Q 4th Kt to B 4th

A useful reply, to which, of course, the preceding move was preparatory. It takes all strength from White's centre and establishes his own.

10. B takes Kt P takes B 11. P takes B P to K 5th 12. Kt to R 2nd B takes P 13. Kt to Q 2nd P takes Kt 14. Kt to Kt 4th B takes Kt

Kt to K 5th is threatened, which would go far to neutralise Black's present advantage of position.

15. Q takes B B to Q 3rd 16. Kt to Kt 3rd P to Q R 4th 17. P to Q R 4th Q to K 2nd

Mr. A. C. White has in preparation two interesting volumes. One is a "Chess Problem Anthology," compiled from the compositions of the last ten years, to which anybody is invited to contribute selections of their favourite problems. The other work is a collection of "Pawn Promotion Problems," to which contributions are also requested. Address—A. C. White, 51, East 57th Street, New York.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

NOISE AND DUST.

IT does not require a great exercise of our observant powers to show that of recent years both noise and dust have increased tremendously in all our great centres of population. Indeed, without straining things at all, we might extend the remark to include many rural districts through which the motor-car whizzes its way. It is not my intent to decry motoring, for I believe the motor-car and other varieties of the automobile type have come to stay as swift means of locomotion, such as threaten to extinguish, or at least to relegate to the background, that noble animal the horse. Considerations relating to getting hither and thither easily and quickly are bound to overrule all others in the rush of modern existence.

When the safety bicycle made its advent, there was the same growling and grumbling, from the possessor of a brougham and pair down to the 'bus-driver and the cabman. But things have adjusted themselves, and save that the "cad on castors" sometimes is justly anathematised in strong language for his inconsiderate treatment of the man in the street, we have all come to recognise the bicycle as a modern institution. It is a case thus of adaptation to the environment, and nothing more. To that which is strange we become accustomed in due season, and the new speedily becomes the wonted and the old. It is unreasonable, perhaps, to expect such improvements as will render the motor-omnibus to wend its way more silently than it does to-day, to be effected all at once. I notice the London Commissioner of Police, in a circular addressed to the authorities of St. Marylebone, asks them to have patience with the development of a new industry. Evidently that official wisely hopes that in time the very great amount of additional noise to which city traffic gives rise will be lessened.

For one thing, I do not doubt that there will be an increase of what, for want of a better or more expressive term, one may call "nervousness" on the part of the public. The calls made upon us to escape danger from traffic are far more numerous now than heretofore. We have to avoid not only cabs and omnibuses nowadays, but motor-cars, motor-buses, ordinary bicycles, and motor-cycles, to say nothing of butchers' carts—the last driven frequently by very irresponsible persons with a lofty scorn for the man on the crossing—and other vehicles. Now, all this additional alertness exercised over our personal safety entails a strain on the nervous system. It is kept at a higher tension than it exhibited even a few years back, and, as a consequence, we are apt to suffer from an increase of "nervousness," a result not agreeable to contemplate.

The stress of modern life, and the efforts to keep apace with the demands which competition in business makes upon our physical resources, have thus added to them an additional burden which will be found of a very heavy character. That this increasing "nervousness" is a reality no one may doubt. It finds an outlet in, or rather it is illustrated by, the prevailing unrest. In modern life there is little repose. Not that work, or even hard work, injures the healthy body. On the contrary, work is a tonic to the frame and to the mind that are in a normal state. But given an accession of nervous stimulation, an increase of noise, and the development of enlarged anxiety about one's safety such as undoubtedly must be exercised amid the traffic of a great city, and we need not wonder that our nerve-centres become more irritable and apt to rebel.

One may therefore have much sympathy from a physiological standpoint with the efforts of those who desire a limitation of noise. That much of the brain-irritating din of modern life is possible of suppression is a statement which admits of no argument whatever. Yelling newsboys, the attentions of the piano-organ man, the barking of dogs whose owners never appear to consider the comfort of their neighbours, and the crowing of cocks kept cooped up in pens disturbing the tired sleeper in the early dawn, are all samples of irritating sounds which might well be suppressed. Even in ordinary life we are apt to neglect little considerations that make for more peace and quietness. I remember hearing an old lady remark of a gentleman who had just left a room, "That's a well-bred man!" Interrogated regarding her criterion of breeding, she replied, "He shut the door quietly." The old lady was right so far. Even to close a door gently in place of slamming it betokens a training in consideration for others which is not by any means to be despised.

If an increase of "nervousness" is likely to lead to the easier upset of the nervous system, it cannot be denied that the increase of dust means the increase of disease. Dust is "dirt" of a kind, and while no one may regard every dust-speck as a disease-engendering microbe, it is none the less true that a goodly number of noxious germs must be contained in the motes and atoms with which the air is charged. The swift motor raises in its track clouds of dust, and a very much greater quantity of dust-specks, most of them invisible in diffuse daylight, must be added to the air of cities by the large increase of traffic to which I have alluded. The task of dealing with dust is one of great magnitude. Experiments have been made with various preparations by way of striving to keep the dust from rising into the air. So far as I can judge, not one of these attempts can be described as an unqualified success.

Some scheme or other which would provide on a large and effective scale for the watering of streets may have to be considered by cities if the dust nuisance is to be lessened. It is within the bounds of possibility that the illimitable supply of sea-water may be brought in for this purpose. But this is only a sanitary dream at present. Suffice it to say that, with increasing dust and noise, we have two factors that deserve serious consideration because of their effects upon the national health.

ANDREW WILSON.



## PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY'S SHOW.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY D'ARCY.



THE FIRST-PRIZE PONY HEAVY-WEIGHT: DR. F. P. COLGAN'S  
"MANUSCRIPT."



THE FIRST-PRIZE HUNTER: MR. RICHARD CARDEN'S  
"ROYAL FOX."



THE FIRST-PRIZE HARNESS HORSE: LORD ASHTOWN'S  
"COMMOTION."



FIRST-PRIZE SHIRE HORSE: MR. RICHARD GOOD'S "AHERLOW  
NUGGET."



FIRST-PRIZE ABERDEEN-ANGUS BULL: MR. A. J. OWEN'S  
"MASTER MAGRATH."



FIRST-PRIZE ABERDEEN-ANGUS BULL: MR. EDWARD COEY'S  
"TAM OF ARDARGIE."



THE FIRST-PRIZE SHORTHORN BULL: MR. TOLER AYLWARD'S  
"DIAMOND LINK."



FIRST AND CHAMPION SILVER MEDALLIST FOR BEST SHORTHORNED  
BULL: SIR H. H. SMILEY'S "EXTRA STAMP."

The annual Spring Cattle Show of the Royal Dublin Society opened on April 17 at Ball's Bridge. The exhibits in all classes numbered 1473, an increase of 121 upon last year. The King won a first prize and the Leinster Cup with his celebrated bull "Fire King," exhibited for the first time in Ireland.



## REVIEWERS' VIEWS.

IT is claimed in the preface to "The Sunset Trail" (Brown, Langham) that the book is, broadly speaking, true, and that there are many who will recognise its incidents. They are so extravagantly unlikely, to the notion of mild city-bred people, that this may quite probably be the case; they would have been tamer, and so more credible, if they had been written to taste. Mr. Lewis presents to us a cowboy, a youthful and picturesque person, and proceeds to describe some incidents of his career, in which "guns" and small squealing ponies, genial desperadoes and hostile Indians make great diversion. No one with a grain of the eternal boy in him will be able to pick up these stories, and, reading the first one, lay them down again unfinished. Mr. William Barclay Masterson, otherwise "Bat," who handles a Winchester so dexterously in defence of a lady when eleven Cheyennes surprise them in the plains, is one of those naïve and artless heroes whom the West seemed both to raise and spend with equal recklessness. Six-shooters pop in every chapter of "The Sunset Trail," and Mr. Masterson's path is strewn with prostrate foes, red and white, but he rides out of the end of the story with his cowboy unconcern still light upon him. This is natural as well as happy, for his aim was unerring, and he had the good luck to keep clear of feminine blandishments, probably because marriageable women were few and far between in his environment. We are told he had "the concentration which is a mark of the born gun-player." His adventures show how much he needed it.

Dr. Randall-Maciver, in anticipation of the visit to South Africa of the British Association last year, explored and made a special report upon the famous ruins in Rhodesia; and in his handsome book, "Medieval Rhodesia" (Macmillan), he renders a careful and minute account of his investigations. He does more than this—he produces reasons for affirming in the most emphatic manner that the ruins typified by Great Zimbabwe are not what the world has been led to believe. It is an age of disillusion. We had fondly believed that these mysterious buildings marked the Ophir associated with the names of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Such authorities as the late Mr. Theodore Bent and Mr. Hall, to whose work on Great Zimbabwe we had the pleasure of calling attention a year ago, showed what appeared to be incontrovertible reason for holding the case proven. Dr. Randall-Maciver will none of it. Under his remorseless hand the romance that clung about these wonderful monuments fades away. The importance of Great Zimbabwe, he maintains, "seems to centre around the beginning of the sixteenth century A.D. The earliest possible date for any of its buildings is two centuries before this." The painstaking and exhaustive nature of the author's investigations into the architecture and purpose of the buildings at Zimbabwe, Inyanga, Niekerk, and Dhlodhlo is reflected in the numerous plans, drawings, and photographs which illustrate the work; but it is for archaeologists to say whether this is the last word on the antiquity of the ruins.

Mr. Barrington began the "Seventy Years' Fishing," which furnishes the title of his book (Smith, Elder), at the mature age of eight; and he has been an ardent angler from the hour that saw the capture of his first trout. Having enjoyed opportunities of fishing more waters than are accessible to the majority of the angling fraternity, and having in his day fished in company with many well-known men in public life, his work, apart from its direct interest, is particularly readable. His first essays in the art of fishing were made in the Border rivers at a period when salmon and trout were far more plentiful than they are now; and, as he seems to have fished, at one time or another, since nearly all the best rivers in Great Britain, from the Findhorn to the Itchen, his remarks upon contentious points relating to the sport necessarily carry much weight. Like all anglers of experience, Mr. Barrington has broad views on the subject of lures, holding the use of worm or minnow not less sportsman-like than that of the dry-fly on fine tackle, under appropriate conditions. Never dogmatic, prone to anecdote, and having something to say on every conceivable topic connected with the rod, from the flooding of water meadows to the feeding of trout-fry, his book may be opened anywhere with the certainty of finding instruction or entertainment, or both. His brief but pointed "comments" on the Report on Salmon Fisheries made in 1902 well deserve the attention of those to whom it may fall to legislate on this matter.

Close on thirty years ago the Life of Lever was written by the late W. J. Fitzpatrick, a scrambled piece of work of which the novelist's daughter denounced the "utter inefficiency." Mr. Edmund Downey, who has now endeavoured in two handsome volumes entitled "Charles Lever: His Life in his Letters" (Blackwood), to portray the life in truer perspective and in a fairer light, is fortunate in the possession of a great accession of materials. The letters addressed to his friend Alexander Spencer embrace the whole of Lever's literary life up to the early 'sixties; the story of the years that followed is told with minute detail in the letters written to his editor and publisher, John Blackwood. So complete is this epistolary record that there is at least some excuse for Mr. Downey's self-effacement. His positive contribution to the work does not amount to many pages altogether, and we conclude from internal evidence that he has made but very sparing use of the editorial function of selection and rejection. In a word, this is not a biography, but a great storehouse of materials. Probably enough, no Life of Lever will again be written on a large scale. There is no clamant need for it. The letters which Mr. Downey has tied together with a very slender pack-thread reveal Lever in every mood, and offer ample data for the compact monograph on Lever which we still await. As a delineator of Irish life and manners, Lever is discredited by his own countrymen. Even in his lifetime he was accused by them of fobbing English

readers off with caricature. Lever's literary prototype was Smollett, and his own life supplied him with all that was needful for the construction of many picaresque romances. What Lever succeeded in doing—and what so very few novelists have done—was to inform his books with his own splendid vitality. He wrote with a gust for life that compensates for a hundred faults of phrase and style. It is impossible to believe that books so surcharged with an exuberant vitality as "Harry Lorrequer" and "Charles O'Malley" can ever wholly die. Less enduring, but artistically better, were Lever's later contributions to "Maga," in which were displayed his surpassing knowledge of the British tourist on the Continent. High spirits, kind-heartedness, reckless prodigality, are the keynotes of this collection of letters, very few of which are without some allusion to pressing financial embarrassment. In this respect the second volume is the more pleasing reading, when Lever had found a friend, a banker and a publisher in one. Financial worries, however, were soon to be followed by ill-health and bereavement. Everything we know of Lever's home life endears him to us, and it is plain that the loss of his wife and son inflicted a fatal wound. The last scene has been admirably told, in words which Mr. Downey quotes (and it is a little characteristic of Mr. Downey's work that it shines brightest with borrowed lights), in the supplement which John Blackwood's daughter contributed to Mrs. Oliphant's masterly history of the House of Blackwood.

The duties of King's Messengers are so imperfectly understood by the public that a querulous Member of Parliament on one occasion confused these gentlemen with the uniformed menials who stalk about Whitehall carrying red boxes; and probably most of his fellows saw nothing strange in the blunder. Captain Philip Wynter in his "On the Queen's Errands" (Pitman) has therefore a novel subject; but the interest of the book lies rather in its desultory notes on the author's earlier experiences than in his account of his service under the Foreign Office. He claims credit, quite justly, for imparting little "useful information," and it is really



THE BICENTENARY STATUE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN FOR PARIS, INAUGURATED APRIL 20.

The statue is the gift of M. John H. Harjes. It stands at the entrance to the Rue Franklin. The sculptor is J. J. Beyle.

somewhat surprising that one who for more than thirty-five years was carrying confidential dispatches all over the Continent should have so little to say about the distinguished diplomatic personages with whom his work brought him into contact. Still, in this garrulous age, when even ex-Ambassadors are indiscreet, undue reticence on the part of a King's Messenger is a fault on the right side. Captain Wynter was the son of an Oxford Vice-Chancellor, President of St. John's College, and his boyhood was spent in an Oxford distracted by the Tractarian Movement. The Duke of Wellington was Chancellor of the University, and the book contains several amusing reminiscences of the great man's conduct in that capacity. We are given an alarming account of Harrow fifty years ago, and some valuable recollections of active service in the Indian Mutiny. Jungle fever made it impossible for our author to remain in the Indian Army, and, disliking the prospects of work as a Sub-Inspector of Factories, he obtained from Lord Derby the post of Queen's Foreign Service Messenger. Railways have killed the romance, but by no means abolished the discomforts, of this service; while the knowledge that one may have to rush off to St. Petersburg or Constantinople at a few hours' notice when hunting is at its best somewhat impairs an old cavalryman's enjoyment of the office. Captain Wynter has watched many social changes in many countries, and gives a sound exposition of the old Tory point of view. He has several good stories to tell, but has never kept a diary and seldom, we should say, troubled to verify a reference. Some of his acquaintances—Laurence Oliphant, for one—were much more interesting figures, from a literary point of view, than he seems to realise, and the Sand River Convention was not a treaty with a Kaffir tribe. It is amusing to see that this shrewd man of the world innocently took "the O'Gorman Mahon" at his own valuation, but that worthy politician by calmly pretending to be head of an old Irish family to which he did not belong, deceived most people on this side of St. George's Channel; and he was, after all, excellent company, as well as a staunch fighter.

## RAVAGES OF FAMINE IN RUSSIA

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN RUSSIA.

YOU in Old England complaining ruefully of rates and taxes, and the expenses of living, are in reality hard put to it to keep from sinking in the sea of riches provided by the Creator for your benefit. Want! Poverty! You have no conception of their meaning. Write yourselves down the pampered progeny of Civilisation's womb, grovelling in Luxury's lap, and thank God you are not a Russian peasant.

I have visited the blackest spots in most large Continental cities, but for scenes of sheer heartbreaking wretchedness, want, filth, degradation, and despair, combined with disease, the Russian villages stand in my experience without a rival to-day. A week or two back I gave the opinion of an official steeped in statistical lore to the effect that 1½ per cent. of the entire population of thirteen provinces in the South of Russia, numbering twenty-five million inhabitants, had died this winter, directly and indirectly, through the agency of famine. I am bound to state that in my opinion, as far as my investigations have proceeded in the provinces of Kursk, Orel, Veronesh, Chernigoff, and Riazan, the percentage must be put at a considerably higher figure. In fifty villages in the provinces named, taken at random, and having populations ranging from 600 to 2000, and in which the famine has been and is prevalent, I find an almost consistent mortality of 70 to 80 per 1000 during the winter; but I have invariably found that over three-fourths of this number, or 80 per cent., have been composed of babies and young children, and this terrible infant mortality has been directly due to famine. Children, as is well known, suffer the brunt of hardships brought about by the lamentable conditions under which they have to exist even in ordinary times. The large Children's Hospital in Moscow, where annually 30,000 children are cared for, had till quite recently (I do not know the statistics of the last two years) a mortality of 70 per cent. Take a village such as the comparatively prosperous and well-looked after one of Hotyetovo, in the province of Orel. Here, though the inhabitants have the inestimable advantage of a good, wealthy, and generous landowner to aid them and look after their interests, and have in consequence escaped the bite of famine, yet what do the village statistics show? Out of a population of 2400 there have been eighty deaths; no less than forty are babies; and this is a village which I have taken the utmost trouble to pick out as being one of Russia's well-to-do prosperous types. What wonder, then, that in the living Hell as exemplified by the poverty-stricken, famine-gripped villages of Russia the mortality is almost double? Indeed, I am surprised that the mortality is not very much higher considering the deplorable state in which these poor peasantry live. Day after day I am brought face to face with scenes which would wring tears from a stone. Let me give an instance. Only yesterday I was asked to visit a village where a woman, I was informed, was lying dangerously ill, and where, moreover, the famine was playing havoc.

I may mention that I now make a point of always carrying a supply of simple drugs with me in my wanderings amongst the wretched hovels where the people exist—it would be irony to say *live*—and the rumour of this habit of mine has been noised abroad, so that I frequently find my medical services in request, and incidentally have been indebted on countless occasions to the healing art for obtaining facts and personal confidences where otherwise I might have sought in vain. The village in question was but a *réplique* of those I am in the habit of visiting day after day, a wretched collection of wooden huts in the middle of a swamp formed of half-melted masses of snow and morasses of mud. In one of the worst spots in this unsanitary mess lay a low, tumble-down dilapidated wooden structure, with its roof thatched with straw—no chimney graced the summit. The smoke and steam found vent within. A small, foot-square pane of glass formed a window, incapable of being opened to admit fresh air, and only large enough to allow of the entry of a bare modicum of light. The entrance to this building by a small wooden door, which one reached by dint of tramping through ponds of mud slush, reaching to one's knees, was so small that it was necessary to crouch low to negotiate it, and having done so the portal closed with a bang, and I found myself standing in darkness and farmyard manure, while the flutter of wings, combined with the falling of objectionable debris on one's head, and the frightened flight of the animals to the extreme corners of the dark hole, led me to think I had chanced on either a pig-sty or a hen-roost. And this indeed it was, but it was also one of the two rooms of this Russian cottage. A door betokened another apartment, and this I pushed open, but was driven back by volumes of foul-smelling vapour streaming through the exit—so foul, so evil that I stood gasping on the muddy threshold before making another attempt to face the awful atmosphere in the interior of this *izba*. Summoning courage I entered, and at first was blinded by the vapour. Then through the dense, pestilential curtain appeared in the dim light afforded by the apology for a window, the stove, taking up a third of the whole room and standing prominently out. Lying on a mass of straw distributed over a wooden bench lay a wretched, emaciated girl of seventeen years of age, half-clad and inexpressibly dirty. Lying at a slightly higher level on the stove itself were a baby and a young child of three or four enveloped in loathsome rags. The father, a grown-up son, and three others completed the group.

This was the living, sleeping, and working room of these eight human beings, not to mention the animals. After examining the poor girl I questioned the family on their manner of living in this horrible den, where fresh air, one might say, did not enter, and neither did light. The food, I was told, had been the same all the winter—small cucumbers, black bread (and a lack even of that), and water.

This is no isolated instance; it is one of many thousands of cases; and the outlook for this year's harvest is blacker than ever. What will happen? I leave this serious question for the future to afford an answer.

H. P. KENNARD.





- |                                       |  |   |                                       |                                   |                                   |
|---------------------------------------|--|---|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. FRAU REINL<br>(Soprano).           | 2. M. JOURNET<br>(Baritone).           | 3. FRÄULEIN BURCHARDT<br>(Soprano).               | 9. MADAME KIRKBY LUNN<br>(Contralto). | 5. SIGNOR SAMMARCO<br>(Baritone). | 6. Mlle. GIACHETTI<br>(Soprano).  |
| 7. HERR KNUPFER (Baritone).           | 8. HERR BURRIAN (Tenor).               | 15. FRAU KNUPFER-EGLI<br>(Soprano).               | 16. SIGNOR CAMPANINI<br>(Conductor).  | 17. SIGNOR CARUSO<br>(Tenor).     | 11. SIGNOR BATTISTINI (Baritone). |
| 12. MADAME PAULIN<br>(Mezzo-soprano). | 13. MR. CLARENCE WHITEHILL<br>(Basso). | 14. M. ANDRÉ MESSAGER<br>(Manager and Conductor). |                                       |                                   | 18. MADAME MELBA<br>(Soprano).    |



## VANISHED GLORIES OF SAN FRANCISCO:

Red Rock. Sausalito Ferry Boat.

Will Crocker Mansion. Huntington Mansion.  
Crocker Mansion.

Flood Mansion.

Ill. Tamalpais in the distance.  
Sausalito.

Alcatraz Island.

Telegraph Hill.

DEVASTATED SAN FRANCISCO AS IT WAS: THE CITY AND



THE PALACE HOTEL, NOW BURNT.



THE COURTYARD, PALACE HOTEL.



THE BALDWIN HOTEL.



THE "CALL" BUILDING.



THE GERMAN HOSPITAL.



THE "CHRONICLE" BUILDING.



UNION SQUARE PARK AND MONUMENT.



FERRY BUILDING FROM THE BAY.



FERRY BUILDING; MINERAL MUSEUM.

From the Palace Hotel the Corned Opera Company, including Signor Caruso, escaped in their night-clothes. The hotel cost £600,000. The "Call" Building, one of the landmarks on Market Street, the great thoroughfare running north and south. St. Ignatius' Church and College, one of the largest Jesuit institutions in the United States, cost £400,000.

## THE DEVASTATED QUEEN OF THE PACIFIC.

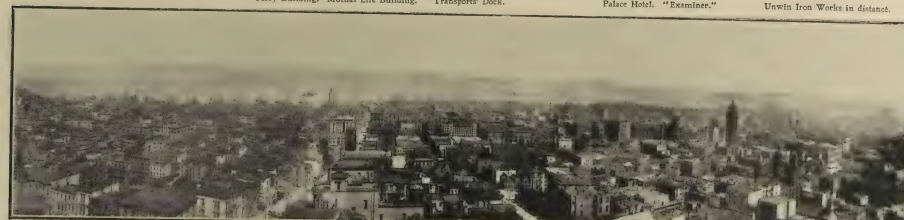
Goat Island.

Mount Diablo.

Ferry Building. Mutual Life Building. Transports' Dock.

Palace Hotel. "Examiner."

Uwinn Iron Works in distance.

Hall of Justice.  
Appraiser's Building.Hayward Building. Grace Church.  
Old St. Mary's Church.Mills Building. Shot Tower.  
California Hotel and Theatre.

"Chronicle." Crocker Building.

"Call" Building. Temple Emanuel.  
Spring Valley Block.  
Hotel Savoy.  
Mutual Savings Bank.

HARBOUR FROM NOB HILL, THE FINEST RESIDENTIAL QUARTER.



THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.



THE ODDFELLOWS' HALL.



THE SAFE DEPOSIT BLOCK.



THE STOCK EXCHANGE.



ST. IGNATIUS' CHURCH AND COLLEGE, HAYES STREET.



THE NEVADA BLOCK.



THE HON. CHARLES CROCKER'S RESIDENCE.



THE POST OFFICE.

of the city, was fifteen storeys high. The Exchange was one of the finest buildings in the business quarter. The "Chronicle" building, another of the sky-scrapers, stood The great mansion of the Crocker family stood on Nob Hill, a fine residential quarter of the city. The Post Office, a recent building, had a magnificent frontage on Seventh Street.



## THE RUIN OF SAN FRANCISCO BY EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE: SCENES IN THE NOW DEVASTATED CALIFORNIAN PARADISE.



TIBURON. A CHARMING RESIDENTIAL QUARTER.

THE QUEEN OF THE PACIFIC:



SANTA BARBARA. THE MOST SOUTHERLY POINT DISTURBED.



HOTEL DEL MONTE, MONTEREY.

TURNED TO DUST AND ASHES.



MOUNT SHASTA. CALIFORNIA.



GRACE CHURCH. NOW BURNT.



CLIFF HOUSE HOTEL, OF WHICH NO TRACE REMAINS.



THE STATE UNIVERSITY, WHICH HAS ESCAPED.



SAN FRANCISCO. FROM PARK HILL.



CITY HALL. NOW UTTERLY WRECKED.



SANTA CRUZ. NOW UTTERLY WRECKED.



THE LEYLAND STANFORD UNIVERSITY, WRECKED.



THE BEAUTIFUL RESIDENTIAL QUARTER, SAN RAFAEL.



A SCENE OF MANY DEATHS: THE PAVILION, SANTA CRUZ.



WRECKED BY AN OLD EARTHQUAKE: SAN JUAN MISSION.



THE GREAT BEET-SUGAR FACTORY, OTUARD, ENTIRELY WRECKED.



FORTUNATELY SPARED, THE FAMOUS LICK OBSERVATORY.

A TYPICAL SUMMER RESIDENCE AT OAKLAND.

1. BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO.

3. MOUNT TAMALPAIS, AND MILL VALLEY.

2. GOAT ISLAND, SAN FRANCISCO.

4. VOLCANIC CALIFORNIA: THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

On April 18 San Francisco was devastated by an earthquake. The two shocks and the fires that followed laid waste two-thirds of the city, and caused a loss of life that cannot yet be accurately estimated. Nearly every great building shown on this page has been utterly destroyed. Of the City Hall, which cost £1,400,000, nothing remains, and the Leyland-Stanford University is entirely ruined.



# EARLY DAYS OF SAN FRANCISCO: THE CITY HALF A CENTURY AGO.

FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF 1850, 1851.



THE FIRST SETTLEMENT AT SAN FRANCISCO,  
1849



A YEAR'S GROWTH: VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO  
IN 1850.



THE  
FOURTH  
GREAT  
FIRE AT  
SAN  
FRANCISCO,  
1850.



SAN FRANCISCO, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST,  
IN 1849.



THE GROWING CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO  
IN 1851.



THE  
DESTRU-  
TION OF  
FOUR  
HUNDRED  
BUILDINGS  
IN SAN  
FRANCISCO,  
1850.



AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF 1851: PACIFIC STREET  
AND MONTGOMERY STREET.



THE PROCESSION CELEBRATING CALIFORNIA'S ADMISSION  
TO THE UNION.

It is peculiarly interesting just now to turn to the files of "The Illustrated London News," where the rise of San Francisco and its early calamities were recorded more than half a century ago. We reproduce in facsimile the most striking of the engravings we published in 1850 and 1851.



THE RUIN OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND ITS SEISMOGRAPHIC RECORD IN THE BRITISH ISLES.



THE CONVENT SCHOOL AT SAN RAFAEL.



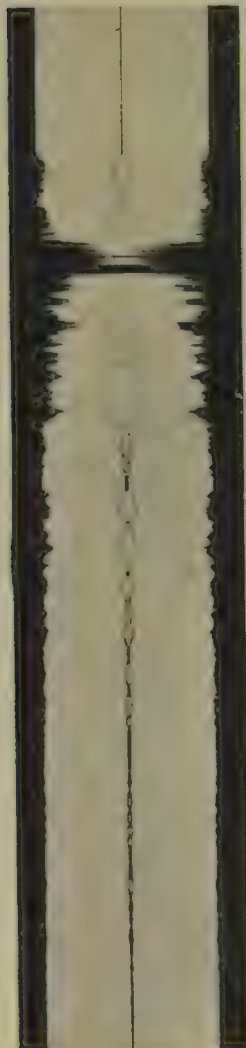
THE HOUSE OF CLAUS SPRECKELS.



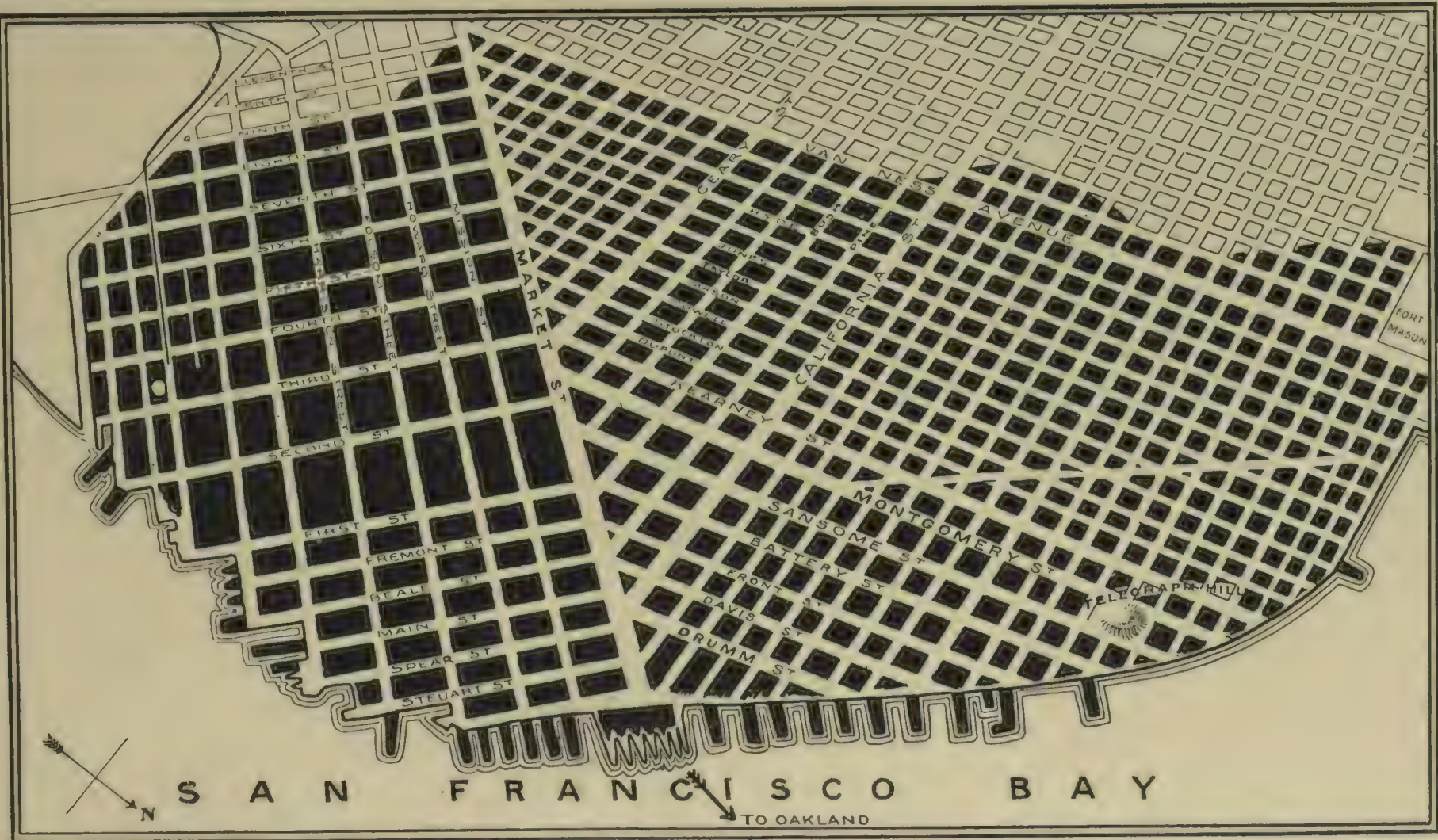
THE HOPKINS INSTITUTE.



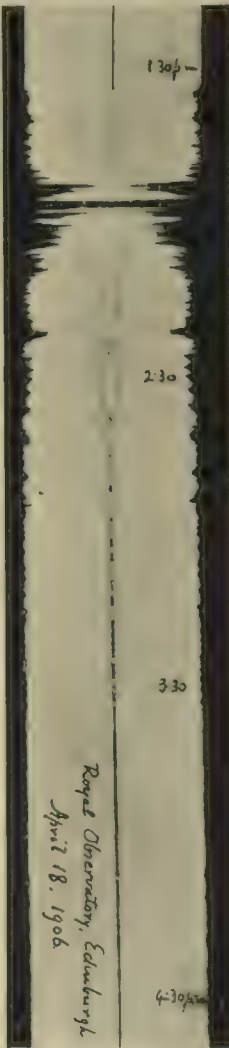
"CALL" BUILDING, CENTRE OF RUINED AREA.



LIVERPOOL RECORD OF THE EARTHQUAKE.



THE RUIN OF SAN FRANCISCO.—CHART OF THE BURNT-OUT QUARTER: THE BLACKENED PORTIONS SHOW THE EXTENT OF THE DESTRUCTION.



EDINBURGH RECORD OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

On the left of this page is a reproduction of the record of the San Francisco earthquake given by the seismograph at the Liverpool Observatory. On the right is a reproduction of the record of the earthquake given by the Milne seismograph at the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh. This instrument, devised by Professor Milne, gives a continuous photographic record of unfelt tremors of the earth arising from distant earthquakes. The sensitive paper is drawn by clockwork at a uniform rate underneath the end of a delicately poised horizontal pendulum, through a small hole in which a beam of light is thrown from above. The very slightest movement of the foundation on which the instrument rests, though quite imperceptible to the human

senses, is sufficient to cause oscillation of the pendulum, thus carrying the spot of light across the sensitive paper. The white marks on the right margin indicate the times by automatic registration. The record of April 18 shows a few very slight tremors beginning at 1.23 p.m., followed by a series of larger tremors at 1.33 p.m. The maximum disturbance occurs at 1.56 p.m., and is followed by a long series of large oscillations, which gradually decrease until 5.8 p.m. For permission to reproduce the Edinburgh record we are indebted to the Astronomer-Royal of Scotland; for permission to use the Liverpool record we are indebted to Mr. W. E. Plummer, F.R.A.S., Director of the Liverpool Observatory, Bidston, Birkenhead.



# ESHOWE: THE BASE OF OPERATIONS AGAINST THE REBEL BAMBAATA.



ZULULAND NATIVE POLICE, ESHOWE.



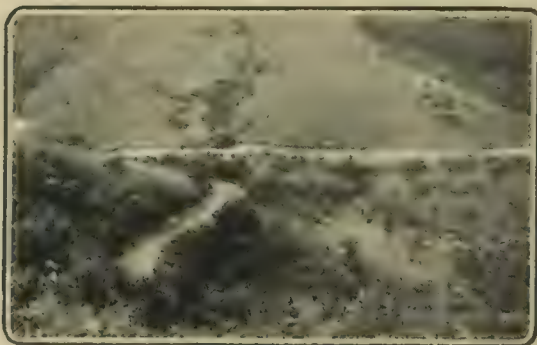
GOVERNMENT SCHOOL BUILDINGS, ESHOWE.



ESHOWE JAIL: CONVICTS' PARADE.



A PICTURESQUE CORNER, ESHOWE.



ON THE UMKLALUZI RIVER.



THE ESHOWE POST-CART.



THE RESIDENCY, ESHOWE.



IN THE RESIDENCY GROUNDS.



DINIZULU, CETEWAYO'S SON, WHO HAS OFFERED TO CATCH BAMBAATA.



TROPHIES OF THE CHASE IN THE HALL OF THE RESIDENCY AT ESHOWE.



THE NATIVE COMMISSIONER AND THE GOVERNOR.

The rebel Zulu chief, Bambaata, is entrenched in the N'Kandhla forest, and is to be proceeded against by a British force. His following numbers 1400. Dinizulu, the son of the famous Cetewayo, has offered to help the expedition with his warriors. The Government has not yet decided to accept his offer, as it is not desirable to move an impi through Zululand. Dinizulu's offer, however, will likely undeceive the native mind and prevent more rebels from espousing Bambaata's cause.



# SAVOY HOTEL LONDON.



Engaging Rooms at the World's Most  
Famous Hotel by Wireless Telegraphy.



FROM "THE NEW YORK HERALD," April 20, 1906:—

"The rush of tourists from America has begun. The Savoy is one of London's big hotels which is full. Never so early "in the season has there been such a demand for suites of apartments. Hours before the 'Carmania' was in sight of land "Wireless Telegrams were arriving at the booking offices of the SAVOY, and soon every free suite was ready for its occupants."

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HENRI PRUGER, General Manager.



## LADIES' PAGES.

IT is so seldom that a crowned King goes courting that in any case women's love of romance would be aroused to watch his love-making with interest; but the young King of Spain, over and above the fact that he is a monarch and is courting an English girl, is proving himself so devoted a lover that nobody can fail to be interested in his proceedings. His bride is to go to Biarritz again on an early date in May, there to reside till towards the end of the same month, when she takes up her residence in Spain itself at the invitation of the Queen-Mother, in readiness for the wedding on June 2. Yet the youthful bridegroom is not content to wait till his bride returns to his own neighbourhood, but has undertaken a journey to see her at home, in the island over which his prospective mother-in-law bears nominal rule as Governor, and where he will be able to enjoy the society of the Princess more untrammelled by prying watchers and State restrictions than has as yet been possible elsewhere. Owing to the peculiar circumstances, leading to the Princess's leaving England nearly a month before her wedding-day, the English portion of her trousseau has been prepared in good time, sooner than would have been the case in an ordinary way. The London dresses are already practically completed. At Paris, on the way to Biarritz, there will be more trunks full of lovely gowns and mantles to be fitted for the final touches, while the crowning glory, the wedding-dress itself, is not to be tried on till Spain is entered.

The Princess is so blonde that blue and pink are her favourite colours; white also suits her admirably, and a shade of delicate mauve has a share of her patronage. The dresses made in London include both day and evening attire. One of the latter is in the dainty amethyst shade of mauve just referred to as suiting the bride's fair beauty; the material is the fine, lustrous, and rather thick crêpe-de-Chine distinguished as "crêpe royale." This dress is, of course, cut quite low; it is made all in one, Princess-fashion, the top overhung from the bust to near the waist-line by a bolero of rich embroidery of paste "diamonds" and silver bullion thread, and cut beads in two shades of amethyst, also having near the front four bosses, like buttons of paste, glittering as if they were brilliants. There are short, puffed sleeves of amethyst chiffon, a few folds of which edge above the bolero, to prevent any hard line of the embroidery against the neck. Save for this glittering bolero, the gracefully fitted and draped gown has no trimming beyond a line of silver bullion heading the hem; the full folds in which it falls are alone sufficient adornment. Another evening



A SMART SILK DRESS.

This gown is of white taffetas chiffon, veiled with black lace, and trimmed with bands of satin. The yoke is of fine white lace, filling in a square opening.

dress in pale-blue crêpe-de-Chine is cut down in a low and wide square, which is edged round rather severely with a line of Alençon lace insertion, fixed on at the corners by large, flower-like ornaments of blue sequins divided, as it were, into petals by narrow lines of crystal beads. There is a shaped, pointed belt of blue satin, into which the corsage is fulled; and the skirt is trimmed round with another line of the handsome lace insertion.

Blue is again employed to lighten up the effect of a gown for afternoon wear in a black-and-white fine check foulard, over-patterned with a good-sized white silk spot. This bodice is made high fulled on to a yoke collar of white lace, the points of which are held down by three lines of pale-blue baby velvet ribbon; this velvet also edges the collar round the throat, which further is itself touched with slight blue silk embroideries. The waistbelt is a deep shaped one, and of blue velvet, fastened with a long buckle reaching the full depth of the belt in front. The skirt is hemmed up with a band of the same shade of pale-blue velvet. Pastel-blue is also the colour of one of the handsomest walking-gowns, the tweed being purchased from the Irish Industries Association. It has a full seven-gored skirt trimmed with strappings down each seam of the material, and a little bolero coat to the waist, fitting in well to the figure, and adorned with fronts of pale-blue cloth worked with blue silk braid and white cord. The fashionable corselet skirt appears in a grey tweed walking-gown; the accompanying bolero is inset with black cloth embroidered in white braid. A long wrap is in fine black cloth in Empire shape, fastened with large buttons of cut steel, and finished with a deep sailor-collar embroidered in black and white, stole ends of the trimming continuing down the front.

While the newly issued return of the Registrar General shows that an average of 143 per 1000 of the babies born die before they are a year old, it is added that there has been a slow but certain improvement in this matter for the past ten years. The manufacturing counties show far more deaths of babies than the average, while the agricultural counties are far below the average; partly, no doubt, because of the unhealthiness of the atmosphere in the manufacturing centres, but partly also owing to the greater extent to which the married women are employed in the factory districts, and the disadvantage that it is to a baby to be left without its mother's personal care and tendance. Mothers ought not to be compelled to go out to wage-earning, and few would do so voluntarily. If working-men could be induced to do their duty in providing for their families' needs without the mothers' having to go to earn wages outside the home, a great step would be made towards checking infant mortality. An interesting letter has reached me from a correspondent at Liverpool on the subject of the superior character in this respect of the German

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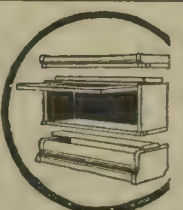
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# DEWAR'S



workman. The writer is connected by marriage with merchants and manufacturers and employers of labour in Germany, and knows well what she is talking about. "The working men of Germany feed, cloth, and educate their own children. Certainly much is done for orphans, and for the children of such as our tramp class; but the respectable workman, though he may earn but eighteen shillings a week, will manage to keep his family without help. Oh, if you could see the plump and happy little folk, your heart would ache as mine does for the multitude of poor, suffering little mites seen in England! The women are clean and tidy. It is said in the English papers that they do not drink, but they drink nearly as much as the men."

My correspondent then goes on to explain that this drinking consists, not in swallowing heavy, brain-soddening beverages, but always and only of a very light beer, and that "there are no gin-palaces in Germany, but beer-gardens or halls where the working man takes his wife, aye, and his children also, as a matter of course, to share with him the amusement after the day's toil is over." Her first plea is, therefore, that English brewers should produce and let their tied houses supply a lighter and perfectly wholesome beer, which "will not send men home drunk, with every evil passion roused by the same means that has squandered the wages which should have been given to feed and clothe the children." Her second plea is for State-aided and compulsory thrift, such as the German insurance laws provide. "Masters and men contribute *pro rata* to the fund for old-age pensions, and the State takes care of the money until such time as it be wanted. The scheme provides for women workers, such as field-hands, domestic servants, and even those who earn at odd times by washing or charring. In the days of the sere and yellow leaf, the good people enjoy the result of State-imposed but willingly accepted thrift, and their lot is far different from that of so many English workers. In Germany the workhouse is a real *work-house*, and is dreaded in a wholesome fashion by all. Every worker has a character-book, in which the employer must faithfully enter the record of the character, and bad marks will prevent the claiming of the pension; hence all strive to avoid such a bad record. Thus a high ideal is created and upheld, and it is not fair, it is not honest, to compare the position of the poor English wife with that of her Teutonic sisters." Now, surely, all this is at least as well worth while studying and concerning ourselves about as the increase of the German navy; yet how much we hear of the militant growth and how little of the social growth of new Germany. This sensible correspondent is to be thanked for her letter.

Another sort of correspondence is continually coming to me, which once more, for the hundredth time, I must state I am unable to attend to—namely, applications for paper patterns of the dresses shown in our Fashion sketches. This Journal does not supply paper patterns. The sketches are frequently taken from exclusive models,



A WHITE CLOTH VISITING-GOWN.

White will be very fashionable in such a design as this 'corselet skirt, with strappings of the same, and cape bodice, with black silk collar, embroidered, and having large buttons to match.

and could not legally be copied; but, in any case, the paper-pattern business is not carried on by this Journal, so will correspondents please not ask for these things.

Now that Vesuvius has just repeated the dreadful scenes described by Pliny in his account of the eruption two thousand years ago, when Pompeii was overwhelmed, it is interesting to recall that we are indebted to that buried city for the great industry of tinned fruits. During the early excavations at Pompeii, years ago, some jars of preserved figs were found which were still in wonderful condition. A certain Cincinnati man obtained permission to investigate one of these jars, and discovered that the fruit had evidently been put in the jars in honey syrup in a heated state, and that after the steam had escaped the aperture had been sealed with wax. He took the hint, and the great supply of tinned fruits in syrup that we have ever since enjoyed is the result. Up to now, though English fresh fruits are admitted to be the finest in the world, there has been no attempt to can them; the American manufacturers have monopolised our market. But this is at an end, for the well-known and most reliable house of Messrs. Chivers, whose jellies and jams have made them famous, have taken up this business of canning fruits in syrup for dessert on a large scale, and with their well-known skill and care. Their manufacture is carried on in a model village in Cambridgeshire under ideal conditions of cleanliness and with every possible appliance for producing good results, and the product is perfectly delicious. The real flavour of the fruit as well as its shape is perfectly preserved, and I advise every housekeeper who cares about her table to sample a tin immediately.

Tulle is much used on the new millinery, and its softness to some extent diminishes the violence of the crude mixtures of tint and the vagaries of outline that are frequently seen. One of the new shapes is like a Mercury's cap, with the wings at either side. Another shape has a similar plain cap-like front, but is provided with a high brim curving upwards from the front on either side, and covered with bright-tinted blossoms. Crinoline is much favoured for the shapes, it is so light in weight, and bends easily into the numerous and odd folds that the milliner's fancy is this year chartered to allow itself. The oddest trimming that is in vogue—if that place be not claimed for the peacock's feathers—is nothing more nor less than green seaweed—that sort which is rather like a fern. When this was shown to me at a wholesale house some weeks ago, I forebore to mention it, as I did not imagine that it would be largely taken up. But it has been so—there is no more generally seen trimming than this novel one. FILOMENA.

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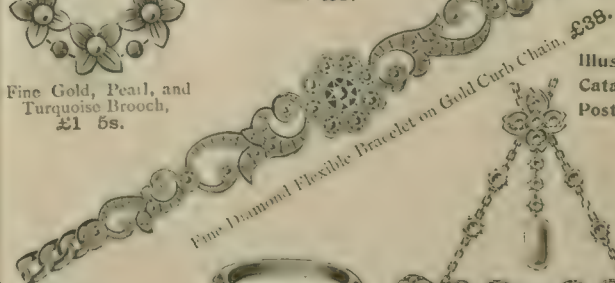
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## THE OPERA SEASON.

THE opera season will open on Thursday night next, when in all probability "Tristan und Isolde" will be presented, with Herr Burrian and Madame Wittich in the title-roles; and on the following evening the first performance of the first Ring Cycle will be given. Arrangements are sufficiently advanced to enable us to see the programme that has been drawn up and the list of artists engaged. In the twelve weeks' season twenty-six operas are to be presented, including works that are comparatively little known in London, such as "Armide," "Eugène Onegin," "The Flying Dutchman," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," "Der Vagabund und die Prinzessin." It is possible that this selection will not exhaust the list of novelties, as other productions are under consideration. In the Ring Cycle we are to hear Madame Wittich and Frau Knüpfer-Egli, Madame Kirkby Lunn, and Frau Reinl, together with Herren Zador, Burrian, Conrad, Jörn, Raboth, Van Rooy, Clarence Whitehill, and Lieban, the last-named being the famous tenor whose performance in the part of Mime is known throughout Europe. In Italian opera Madame Melba takes her accustomed place; Madame Giachetti is coming back, and among other favourites we shall hear Mlles. Destinn and Donaldo, and Madame Agnes

Nicholls. Tenors include Caruso, happily none the worse for his nerve-shattering experiences in San Francisco; M. Altchewsky, the Russian singer who brings a great reputation from Brussels; and M. Laffitte, who, we believe, made a début and reputation together in the

retains his post of manager on the artistic side, while Mr. Neil Forsyth will, of course, be in his usual place, and will doubtless discharge his many and onerous duties with his usual tact and skill.

The Grand Opera Syndicate follows a policy that is as progressive as is consistent with sound business principles. The programme it has put before its patrons could hardly be more interesting or more ambitious; neither time nor money has been spared in the work of securing for the coming season the best talent the world over. When one considers the mere physical strain attendant upon the mounting of twenty-six operas in the course of twelve weeks, some idea of the magnitude of the operations will be apparent even to those who overlook the difficulties associated with rehearsals, the endless work that begins in early morning and is suspended only for the evening performance. In other capitals, where the Opera House receives a Government subsidy, there is no attempt to complete a programme so ambitious. It

suffices the management to mount something less than a dozen operas and to present them, if successful, on consecutive nights. In this way the hard labour that the Grand Opera Syndicate faces so pluckily and accomplishes so well is avoided, but the results can hardly be compared with what obtains in London.



Photo. Abénicar

SPRINGTIME IN SICILY: PICTURE-DECORATED CARTS ON THE QUAY AT PALERMO.

same city. The basses and baritones include Battistini, Gilibert, Journet, Sammarco, Scotti, and Seveilhac. Dr. Hans Richter will, of course, conduct the Ring Cycles and ther German operas, Signor Campanini will preside over the Italian performances, and M. Messenger will probably carry the bâton when Gluck, Mozart, and Gounod are the composers. M. Messenger

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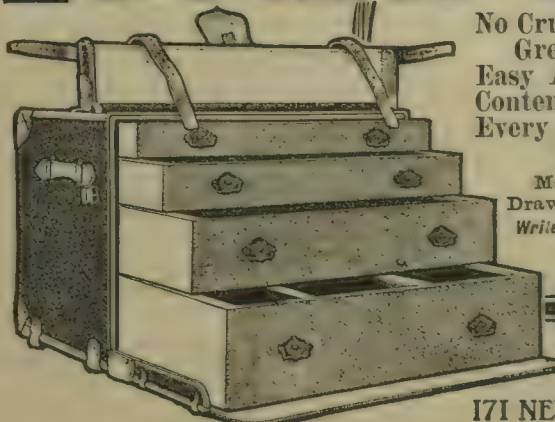
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## ART NOTES.

SO great are the opportunities of the New Gallery that we are tolerant or exacting, according to mood, in our estimate of the advantage it has taken of them. Most of the critics this year have been caught in a difficult mood or we ourselves in an accommodating one, for we did not, as they did, find the current exhibition a specially disappointing one. That some of the well-hung pictures are below the level of exhibition work is undeniable, and that the amateur has a little too much room to play about in may be conceded. But the points of interest are many and varied, ranging from Mr. Sargent to Mr. Austen Brown, from Mr. Lavery to Mr. Tuke, from Mr. George Wetherbee to Mr. Byam Shaw, from Mr. Shannon to Mr. Hemy, and from Mrs. Swynnerton to Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Stokes.

Mr. Sargent's five exhibits do not include any of first-class importance. The two portraits of brother Academicians, Mr. Seymour Lucas and Mr. Napier Hemy, painted on the good old fraternal principle of exchanges, rank, however, as masterpieces among sketches. Each portrait is very like its original. Mr. Seymour Lucas is shown as a man of anxious tensivity, hardly free for a moment from the anxious problems of paint. Mr. Hemy, on the other hand, has a calm that reaches back and forward. There are few distractions before or behind. He has the simplicity of a Pilgrim Father and the dignity that Reynolds, in some of his sitters, has put to the credit of the eighteenth century, sadly in need of such attribution. Though so simply treated, the portrait is really less subtle than that of Mr. Seymour Lucas, in which Mr. Sargent has brought to the expression of the mouth some of the almost creative powers of discrimination that one remembers notably in his portrait of Mrs. Charles Hunter.

Of Mr. Sargent's three other little canvases, one, "A Syrian Study" is entirely of landscape and cattle. The beauty of the presentment is the first impression; the second is that the direct spirit which usually informs the compositions of this painter has here somewhat strayed. There is a little confusion in the effect of the painting of the wall, which is seen in patches rather than as a whole. "Padre Albera" is, on the other hand, a wonderfully coherent study of still-life. The beautiful head and the solemn face are characteristic of many an Italian priest and peasant; the painter presents them to us as he sees them, and without any attempt to solve the problem that is offered by them to the phrenologist—the problem that



THE LATEST AMERICAN SENSATION: A GIANT SWING

The swing is on the top of Fort George, at the upper end of New York City, right on a bluff. When it swings round, the cars stretch out over the bluff. The faster it goes the further the cars go out. The extreme swing carries the passengers out 250 feet above the valley.

is an exact reversal of the familiar puzzle as to one small head containing the vast amount its owner knew. This little canvas is, however, all problems apart, the most interesting in the exhibition. "The Garden of Gethsemane" is remarkable for the sunlight that falls

another artist whose work is always welcome. Mr. Austen Brown's "By the River," his "Rest," and his "Meadow Flowers" are all very fine; whether they are quite as thorough as they might be in the hands of an even greater master is a matter we cannot here discuss. W. M.

on the habit of the monk: to that incident the rest of the picture may be said to be an accessory.

Mr. Adrian Stokes's "Great Plain of Hungary" is as beautiful a work as any yet given us by this artist in his many wanderings far afield in search of subjects approved by his fine judgment, and capable of expression by an art as cosmopolitan in its derivations as it has been in the scenes it has depicted. Mrs. Adrian Stokes, unlike her husband, has one painting-ground wherever her easel may be pitched, it is the Holy Land. She does not, like Mr. Sargent, travel thither for local colour. Her decorative feeling suffices; and her "Madonna and Child" are painted with a sincerity which Fra Angelico could scarce surpass. Among the many moods of the present England, this is one; it has no more to do with the pinchbeck Wardour Street than the mediævalism of Rossetti had to do with it—much as he loved and trod that actual thoroughfare. Such work, then, if archaic, is also representative of contemporary life; and, as part of our national history, it ought to go into galleries where its innate beauty secures for it a double welcome. Another lady, Mrs. Swynnerton, wherever she may paint, carries her own country with her: at least her own atmosphere. Her "Valley of the Aniene" and her "Sunshine" deserve better placing than is here accorded them; it is to the public that the hangers offer disrespect by this indifference to the point of view in the case of the works really worth seeing—the only ones that we care to mention, and have not space, even so, to complete the list.

Mr. J. J. Shannon's portrait of Mrs. Arthur Lee is easily and brightly painted. Those are not at all the adverbs to be applied to what Mr. Lavery achieves in his "Mrs. James Buckley," his "Earl of Plymouth," or his "Mary Reading"; but otherwise that achievement is very high. Mr. Tuke is still out of doors; but his boys have given place to their sister in "Green Waters"; and the public, with whom he has long been a favourite, will perhaps take a year or two to accustom itself to the change. Mr. George Wetherbee in his "Jocund Day" is, as usual, delightful; and Mr. Arthur Lemon, a less idyllic painter, is yet a true brother of the brush in his fresh "Gathering Sea-drift on the Shores of the Mediterranean."

Mr. George Hitchcock is another artist whose work is always welcome. Mr. Austen Brown's "By the River," his "Rest," and his "Meadow Flowers" are all very fine; whether they are quite as thorough as they might be in the hands of an even greater master is a matter we cannot here discuss. W. M.

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## MUSIC.

AMONG the most interesting concerts of the past few days perhaps those given on April 13 and on Monday last claim first notice. On Good Friday Mr. Henry Wood directed a Queen's Hall concert that included the magnificent Good Friday music from "Parsifal," Tchaikovsky's "Symphonie Pathétique," and a novelty in Dr. Walford Davies' setting of the 113th Psalm. The strings were not at the top of their form in the symphony. Mr. Henry Wood has presided over a better performance of this popular work. In the Allegro there seemed to be a curious lack of that crispness which the conductor has led us to expect, but the afternoon was languorous. Dr. Davies' setting of the 113th Psalm calls for the harp and strings alone, and has those high qualities of devotion and purely musical interest that one naturally associates with the composer of that fine cantata "Everyman." Mr. Gregory Hast was the vocalist, and was heard to advantage.

At the Crystal Palace the usual Good Friday concert was given before an enormous audience, and according to the custom prevailing at Sydenham, the audience joined in the hymns. Gounod, Sullivan, Mendelssohn and Rossini supplied the most of the programme, and of the singers, none received a warmer welcome than the veteran Charles Santley. Mr. Walter Hedgcock conducted with his usual skill and discretion. Preparations for the great Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace proceed apace, and there is every indication of a very successful week.

On Monday night Dr. Richter presided over one of the London Symphony concerts, and the programme was devoted in its entirety to Wagner's music. The final scene from "Die Walküre" was given, and Miss Marie Brema and Mr. Frederic Austin did their best to make us forget that such a performance would not have been welcomed by the Master himself. We have pointed out before that the "Ring" Cycle can only enjoy adequate

presentation when it is given as a music drama. It was not written for the concert platform, and loses half its fine quality there. Mr. John Harrison sang three of Walther's songs from the "Meistersinger," including the "Preislied," and the quality of his singing was enhanced by Dr. Richter's exquisite direction of the accompaniments. The London Symphony Directorate

from start to finish—taking the picture, developing the negative in daylight, and making the finished prints.

The choice of a suitable locality for a suburban home is one of the principal difficulties which confronts those commencing housekeeping, or those who are seeking a new residential district. This want has been supplied by the Great Northern Railway Company, who have issued an artistic booklet dealing with the district covered by their London suburban lines. It is claimed that this locality is one of the highest and healthiest around London—and indeed the "Northern Heights" of Highgate, Finchley, Barnet, etc., enjoy an excellent reputation. Copies of the booklet, price one penny, may be obtained at any of the company's offices, or from the chief passenger agent at King's Cross.

The popular banqueting-hall at the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Métropole, has just been made additionally attractive by the construction of a spectators' gallery with accommodation for military bands. This new feature has added greatly to the artistic beauties of the room, and enables three hundred guests to be comfortably seated, so that each visitor receives the same individual attention as though he were dining in a private house. The new gallery is from the designs of Mr. Edwin Waterhouse.

At the Chemists' Exhibition at the Royal Horticultural Hall, one of the most interesting exhibits is the Grant Glass (Patent) Steam Vaporiser. Physicians, surgeons, mothers, nurses appreciate the manifold uses and unrivalled advantages of this vaporiser in hospital and home where ordinary steam or medicated vapour is required. Ladies, motorists, cyclists, etc., and lady beauty-specialists claim it as an indispensable toilet requisite for protecting and preserving the complexion. Lovers of plants and pets recognise its value in destroying insects. This vaporiser is convenient in size, light in weight, artistic in design, and simple in manipulation.



Photo. Frith.

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On Lundy Island the curious subsidence shown in the photograph is popularly known as the earthquake.

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announces four extra concerts, to be given in May and June. M. Sofanoff, Dr. Cowen, and Herr Nikisch will be the conductors, the last-named presiding over two concerts in June.

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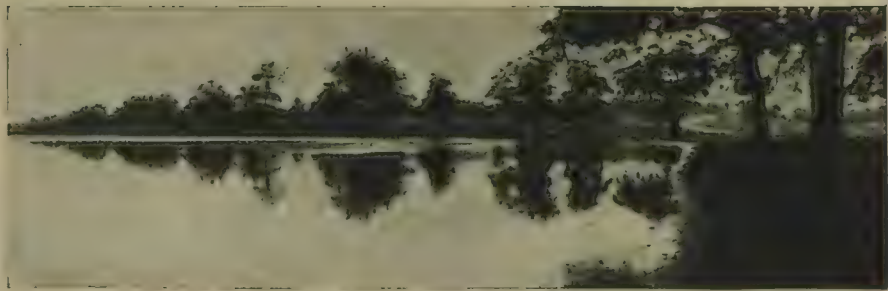
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

AMONG episcopal holiday-makers is the Bishop of Peterborough, who is cruising in the Mediterranean. The Bishop of Winchester is also taking a short rest. The gardens of Farnham Castle are never more beautiful than in May, and the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Davidson have chosen the best time of the year for their forthcoming visit to Dr. Ryle.

The Rev. R. H. Davies, incumbent of Chelsea Old Church, has celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his appointment. Mr. Davies has always taken great pride in the historic associations of his church, of which, it is said, Sir Thomas More was a member. The most curious relic in the building is a set of chained books, among which is a copy of the famous "Vinegar Bible."

The late Archdeacon Thornton was one of the leading experts on Russian Church history, and contributed a "Life of Nikon" to the series on

Russian prelates. As an administrator he was courteous, fair-minded, and business-like; and was beloved and respected by clergy and laity alike.

A Jerusalem correspondent of the *Guardian* men-

The congregation of St. James's Church, Muswell Hill, are arranging to hold a bazaar early in June for the clearing off of the debt on the new structure. A sum of £16,000 has been raised in less than ten years for this building, which is one of the most beautiful in North London. V.

The many photographs of San Francisco which appear in this number are supplied by Gilling, Owen, Exclusive News Agency, Chidson, Frodsham, Trike, and Mr. Eagle Bott.

We have received from Messrs. G. E. Lewis, of Birmingham, their special list of miniature rifles, air-guns, and accessories. These weapons have a great future now that the cause of rifle clubs has been so warmly advocated by Lord Roberts. Every weapon manufactured by the firm is tested personally by Mr. E. C. Lewis (three times winner of the Birmingham Rifle Club Championship, and holder of the Twenty-five-Guinea Gun-makers' Association Challenge Cup) and none but accurate-shooting weapons are sent out.



VESUVIUS FROM THE FORUM, POMPEII.



THE FURY OF THE MOUNTAIN.

POMPEII'S VIEW OF ITS OLD ENEMY: VESUVIUS DURING THE LATE ERUPTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. J. A. SCOTT, COPYRIGHT BY TURNER AND DRINKWATER, HULL.

The photographs were taken from Pompeii on the worst day of the eruption, and it was possible to realise what the ancient inhabitants of the city saw when their doom, that they scarcely understood, first threatened them.

tions that the patriarch of Jerusalem has been reading the Greek edition of Farrar's "Life of Christ." The work so delighted him that he recommended it to the monks of St. Constantine's Convent, who had profited by its perusal.

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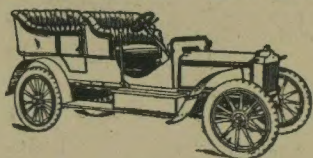
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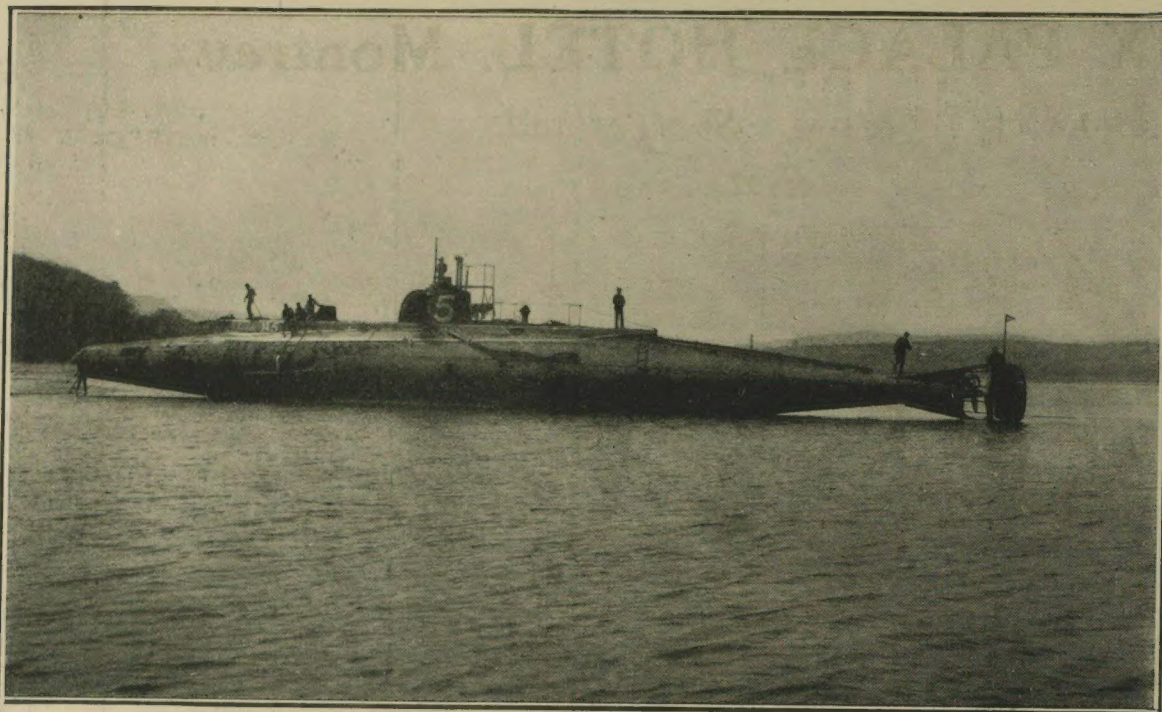


## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Feb. 18, 1901) of MR. GEORGE HUNT HEIGHAM, of 42, Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park, and 139, High Holborn, silversmith, who died on March 23, was proved on April 11 by John Howlett Law, Alfred James Pairpoint, and Edward Henry Bartlett, the value of the estate being £100,576. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, and the Silver Trades Pension Society; £500 each to the Charing Cross Hospital, the Royal Free Hospital, the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, University College Hospital, King's College Hospital, Guy's Hospital, the Great Northern Hospital, the Middlesex Hospital, the London Fever Hospital, the Lock Hospital, the Cancer Hospital, the Consumption Hospital, the National Life-boat Institution, Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, and the London Hospital; £300 to St. Mary's Hospital; and

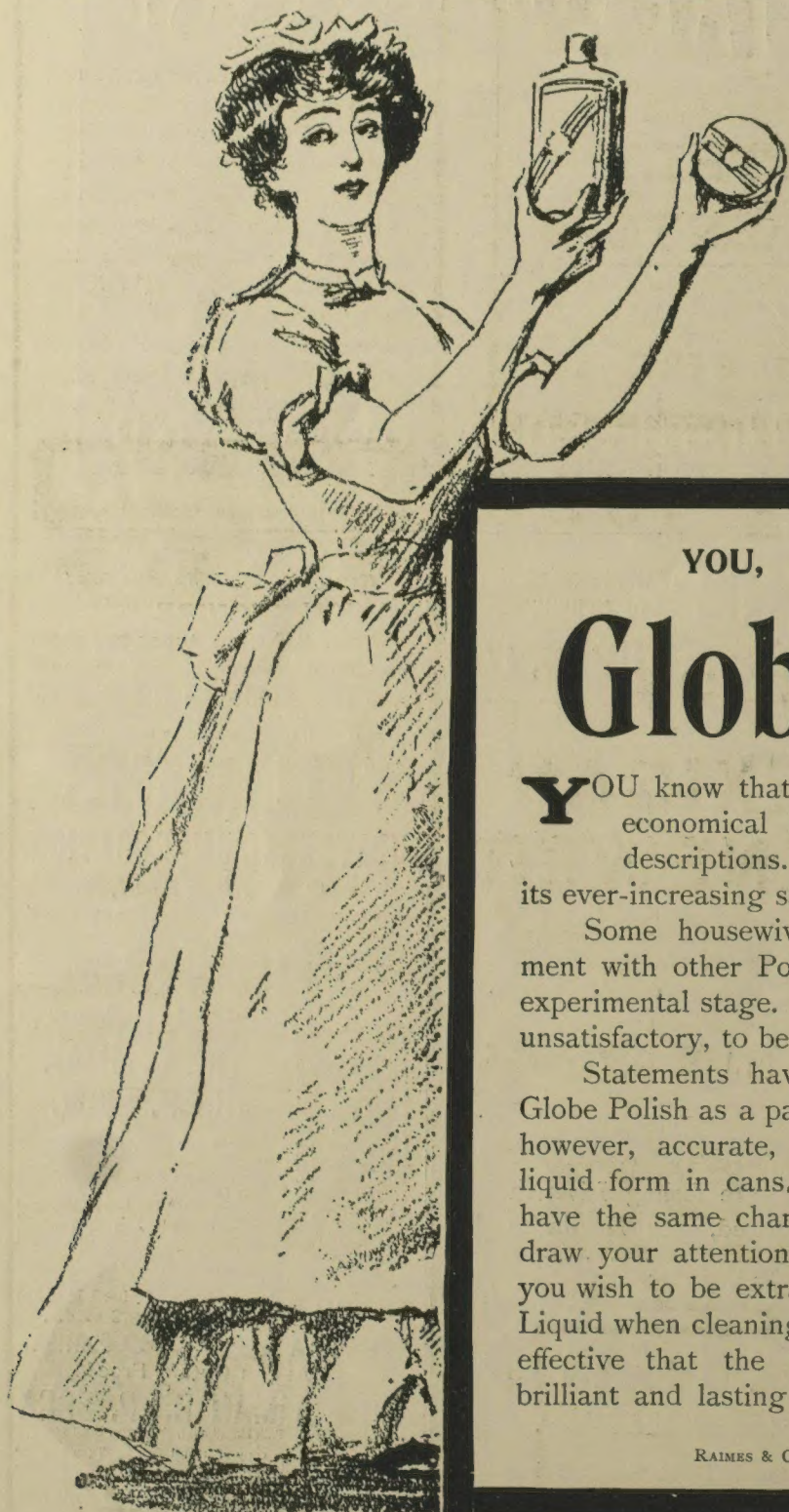
£200 to the Bloomsbury Dispensary. He further gives the goodwill and stock-in-trade of his business, together with the lease of the premises, to John Howlett Law and Claude Taylor; and many other legacies. The ultimate residue he leaves to King Edward's Hospital Fund.

The will (dated April 12, 1905) of MR. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS FREDERICK POWELL, of Norland House, Clifton, Provincial Grand Master of Freemasons for Bristol, has been proved by William Hawkins Powell and Arthur Cecil Powell, the nephews, Henry Napier Abbot, and John Curtis, the value of the real and personal estate being sworn at £168,842. The testator gives his interest and capital in the Temple Gate Pottery to his brother Septimus; his property at Nailsea, Somerset, to his nephew, Arthur Cecil; Norland House, with the effects therein, to his sister Sarah for life, and then to his nephew, William Hawkins; £1000 to his niece, Grace Powell; £500 and £1000 per annum, in trust,



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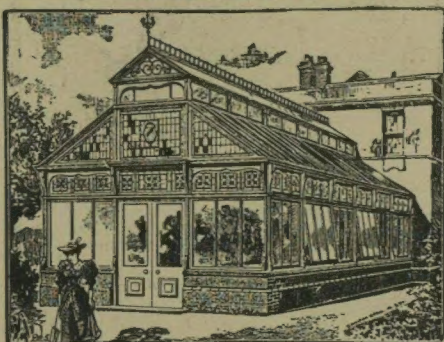
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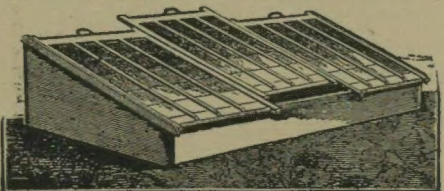
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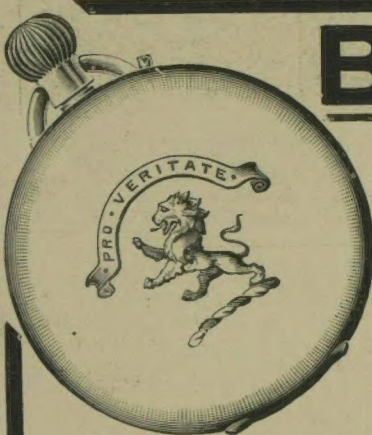
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for his sister Sarah; and other legacies. He also gives £500 each to the General Hospital and the Royal Infirmary, Bristol; £100 each to the Masonic Educational and Benevolent Institution, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Church Missionary Society, and £100 each to the Blind Asylum, the Scripture Readers' Association, the Redcliff Blue Girls' School, the Home for Crippled Children, and the Eye Hospital, Bristol. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephews William Hawkins Powell and Arthur Cecil Powell.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1903) of LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE WILBRAHAM NORTHEY, of Ashley Manor, Box, Wilts, who died on March 12, was proved on April 10 by the Rev. Edward William Northey, the brother, and Captain Herbert Hamilton Northey, the son, the value of the estate amounting to £53,444. The testator bequeaths £500, and the income for life from his personal property to his wife, Mrs. Louisa Northey, and subject thereto to his younger children. All his real estate he devises to his son George Edward, but

charged with the payment of £600 per annum to Mrs. Northey, and of £25,000 as portions for his younger children.

The will (dated May 7, 1897) of CAPTAIN JAMES THOMAS RICHARD LANE-FOX, late Grenadier Guards, of Bramham Hall, Yorks, who died on Feb. 26, was proved on April 10 by George Richard Lane-Fox, M.P., the son, the value of the real and personal estate being £277,042. He gave £1000, his wines, stores, horses and carriages, the use of Hope Hall, Yorks, and such an annual sum as will make her income up to £2000 per annum, to his wife, Mrs. Lucy Frances Jane Lane-Fox; and small legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his eldest son.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1906) of VICTORIA ALEXANDRINA, BARONESS SANDHURST, of 60, Eaton Square, who died on March 13, has been proved by Lord Sandhurst, the husband, the value of the estate being £17,724. Should she die without leaving issue, she appoints various trust funds to her husband. She gives £1000 to the Middlesex Hospital; £200 to her maid Emma Cooke;

£100 per annum to her old servant Mary Ann Goodfellow, and the residue of her property to her husband.

The will (dated Oct. 31, 1905) of MR. BENJAMIN BRADFORD REED, of The Knowle, Reigate, who died on Feb. 20, has been proved by the Rev. William Reed, the son, and Samuel Birch, the value of the estate being £70,816. The testator gives £250 each to his daughters Hannah and Margaret, and the income from stocks and shares of the value of £20,000 is to be paid to them; £100 each to his nephews Percy and Vincent Litchfield; and legacies to servants and others. The residue of his property he leaves to his three sons—William, Benjamin, and Martin.

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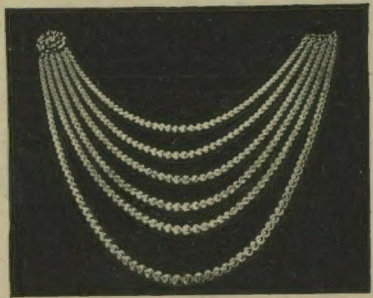
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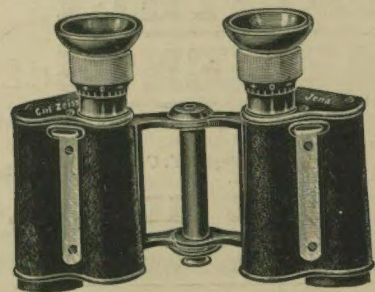
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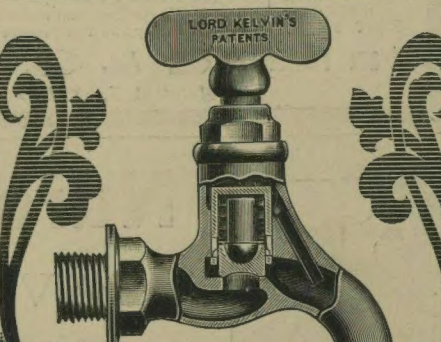
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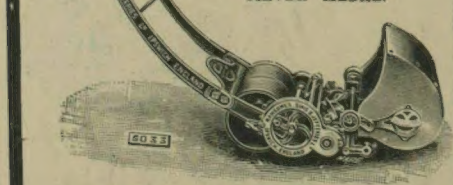
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